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THE ADVENTURES OF POMPONIUS,

A *Roman* KNIGHT:

OR, THE

History of Our TIMES.

Made *English* from the ROME Edition of the *French* Original,

By Mr. *MACKY*.

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24

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE
DUKE de *Noailles.*

My LORD,

THE Favour with which You are honoured, by the August PRINCE our Monarch, the Splendor of Your Illustrious Birth, the

Protection You vouchsafe the Muses, and the Depth of Your Judgment, are Considerations that induced POMPONIUS to shield himself under Your Patronage. Revenge him, my Lord, by Your Approbation, upon the Malicious Criticks, who find fault with every thing; and from *Those*, who through a *false Taste* attribute to Writers more Wit than they really have: and think they see a Thousand Beauties in every Line of a new Book which he that composed it never thought of: From the *Witlings* who regard all *Panegyrick* upon PRINCES only as meer *Irony*, and from the Hatred of *Those* who imagine their own Characters are drawn in disadvantageous Colours. This Work is not so much a *Romance*, as the *History of our Own Times* under feigned Names. If the Perfor-

mance be not so correct as the Subject requires, Your Highness will veil its Blemishes by honouring it with the Sanction of Your Great Name. I expect no other but (that in a Court which can be so malicious, as to Term a List of *Holy Confessors*, who are shortly to enrich our LITANIES, The *Regiment of* * ASFELD) all that I have said in Favour of the Prince of *Rohan* † will be deemed Ironical, and it will be imagined

* The *Re-Appellants* in *France* were called The Regiment of *Asfeld*, which are *Those*, who, after the *Accommodation* accepted of by the Cardinal *de Noailles*, and the Declaration of his *Majesty* 1720 which Authorizes that *Accommodation*: have again *Appealed* from the *Constitution* UNIGENITUS, and whose Names were printed in several LISTS. These LISTS were ranged in an Alphabetical Order, and the Abbot of *Asfeld*, a Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, heading the first LIST, the *Re-Appellants* were from thence stigmatized with the Title of The *Regiment of* ASFELD.

† The late Duke of ORLEANS.

that the more I have aimed at his Defence, the more I have Satireized Him. But, my Lord, I presume to flatter myself, that as You know the Uprightness of my Intentions, Your HIGHNESS will be so Generous as to inform the PRINCE of them. In hopes of this Favour, I remain, with the most profound Respect,

My Lord,

Your Highness's most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

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THE

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I Am obliged to publiſh this little Work in Two Parts, leſt I ſhould be ſupplanted, as I have already been in a late Inſtance, (tho' to his own coſt) by one *S----r*, whoſe Name and Character bear Infamy in the very Mention of them.

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THE ADVENTURES OF *POMPONIUS.*

CHAP. I.

The Birth and Education of Pomponius. *His Amours with* Octavia.

TEN Years had paſt, ſince *Lucius Junius Pomponius*, an illuſtrious *Roman*, had eſpouſed *Celia Flavia*, without ſeeing any Appearance of the Fruit of their Marriage; when *Flavia*

made a Vow to *Jupiter Capitolinus*, to devote her Son, or Daughter to the Empire, if ſhe ſhould be ſo happy as to become a Mother. The God favoured her Deſires upon the Calends of *March*, and ſhe was delivered of a Son, whom they called *Flavius Pomponius*. He paſt, in his Youth, through all the Exerciſes of the *Greeks*. He was both a good Orator and Poet when his Father took him from under the Hands of his Preceptors to put on the Viril Robe. *Pomponius* ſeeing himſelf delivered from the Evils, which the abſolute Empire of Pedants made him ſuffer in his younger Years, gave up his Heart to *Octavia* in Exchange for hers.

An odd kind of Adventure cauſed this Union. *Octavian*, Father of *Octavia*, had given Directions to a Painter to draw his Daughter's Picture, and the Artiſt faithfully executed his Orders. After having finiſhed the Piece, he expoſed it to the View of all the World, according to the uſual Cuſtom of Painters, to ſhew the Excellency of their Performance. *Pomponius* paſſing, by chance, before the Painter's Houſe, ſaw the Picture and was ſtruck. The more he examined it, the more he was convinced whom it reſembled. They were his own Eyes, Mouth, Noſe, Forehead, Air and Complexion. In a Word, he found ſo much Likeneſs between himſelf and

and the Picture, that he imagined the Painter had a mind to put a Trick upon him, by repreſenting him in Women's Cloaths. He cauſed it to be taken down by his Slaves, and carried to his own Apartment; where being arrived, he took another Piece, in which he had been drawn in his proper Habit, and ſent it to be put up in the Painter's Houſe in the room of the other; the poor Man, who knew nothing of this Adventure, was very much ſurprized to ſee a Picture in Man's Cloaths ſo like what he himſelf had drawn in Women's.

While he was thus employed, *Octavian* ſent for his Daughter's Picture. The Painter, all in Confuſion, took the Picture of *Pomponius* and carried it to *Octavian*, who briſkly aſked him what made him paint his Daughter in the Habit of the other Sex. The Painter, who was not yet come out of his Suprize, had no other Anſwer to make but that he had drawn *Octavia* in her uſual Apparel, which having expoſed before his Houſe, he was very much ſurprized to find in its room the Portrait of a Man, where the Lineaments reſembled perfectly what he himſelf had drawn.

Though this Diſcourſe touched *Octavian*, it did not impoſe upon him; the more he conſidered the Picture, the more he took notice of the Traces that agreed with thoſe

of his Daughter; but the Drapery recalling back his Ideas, he knew it at laſt to be *Pomponius*. He communicated his Thoughts to the Painter, who knew not what to ſay, though it appeared likely to be ſo. *Octavian*, fully to be convinced, runs to *Pomponius*. Scarce had he entred the Gallery, when the firſt Object that ſtruck his Sight was the Picture of his Daughter. He aſked *Pomponius* by what Accident the Portrait of *Octavia* fell into his Hands. *Pomponius* proteſted to him that he had never ſeen either *Octavia* or her Picture. Whoſe, then, is this, replied *Octavian*, that reſembles a young *Roman* Lady? It is mine, ſaid *Pomponius*, which a fooliſh Painter took a whimſey in his Head to dreſs like a Woman: I might perhaps have corrected him for his Inſolence, but I contented myſelf with only taking it away and placing another in its Room, in a proper Dreſs.

Octavian imagined that *Pomponius* had ſome Inclination for *Octavia*, and had made uſe of this Stratagem to get her Picture. However, he thought fit to take no notice of it, that he might not put himſelf under a Neceſſity of reprimanding him for having puſhed Things on ſo far without his Knowledge. To diſcover how it was, he told *Pomponius* that the Painter was not in fault, and telling him the whole

whole Story, engaged him to go along with him, and to take the Picture of *Octavia*, in order to confront it with his and the Original. *Pomponius* readily conſented, and the rather, becauſe he had a ſtrong Deſire to ſee a Perſon with whom he had ſo much Reſemblance.

He was charmed with the Beauty of *Octavia*, and, though they had never ſeen each other before, their Hearts, that very Moment, became ſo ſtrictly united, that they declared to one another by moſt tender Glances, that the ſame ſoft Flames had ſet them both on Fire. The other Ceremonies of the Viſit paſt as between indifferent Perſons, which perſuaded *Octavian* that there had been no former Underſtanding between them, and he was the more convinced when *Pomponius* refuſed to make choice of which Picture pleaſed him beſt, and left them both at *Octavian's* Diſpoſal.

CHAP. II.

The Description of Amiſſa, Octavia's *Attendant; and likewiſe of* Pomponius *and* Octavia.

IF *Octavian* perceived not the Fire that conſumed theſe two young Perſons, theſe Flames, for being ſecret, were no leſs ardent. As they had both of them as much Wit as Prudence, they eaſily conceived that they ought to keep their growing Paſſion covered under the myſterious Veil of an affected Indifference, that the greater Precaution they took in giving each other mutual Signs of their Love, the longer ſhould they enjoy its Sweetneſs. But however eloquent might be the Language of the Eyes, *Pomponius*, fearing that the lovely *Octavia* had not ſufficiently comprehended the Paſſion, he had endeavoured to convince her, he entertained for her, reſolved to gain *Amiſſa*, who was her Attendant. Theſe Women, in Love Affairs, are the Springs of all Intrigues, and tho' the Ladies affect to take none handſomer than themſelves, it often happens, that when They are very handſome, their Women are very amiable. From the firſt

Moment

Moment that *Aniſſa* had ſeen *Pomponius* ſhe conceived an Eſteem for him, that is, in the Language of Ladies Women, a great deal of Love, and reſolved to make him her Conqueſt.

Aniſſa was beautifully fair, of a middling Stature, of a fine Complexion, white and brillant, her Face was very regular, her growing Breaſts added to her Charms, ſhe was young, but ſixteen Years old, and what ſhe felt in her Soul for *Pomponius* gave her no manner of Quiet or Repoſe. This young *Roman* Knight, who was no more than fifteen, had in him all that was ever charming and lovely in *Adonis*. His Eyes ſhot ſuch lively Rays, that they enchanted; all his Complexion, though very delicate, had ſomething in it ſeducing; His Air was Majeſtick, which, joined to the Sweetneſs of his Face, created as much Reſpect as his tender, gay and engaging Carriage and Deportment inſpired Love. His large Curls of flaxen Hair, which flowed below his Shoulders, was an agreeable Ornament that heightened all his Charms. He had a lively ſparkling Wit, but a little poignant, which rendered his Converſation very brisk and agreeable. *Aniſſa* then not being able to ſuffer the Ardour of that Fire, which conſumed her, thought upon Means how to ſatisfy her Love, when the

Star-

Star of *Venus* delivered her from the Object of her Torments.

Pomponius having come to *Octavian*'s Houſe to aſſiſt at a Concert, which was to be accompanied with a Comedy, *Amiſſa* ſaluted him. He aſked her News of his lovely *Octavia*. She pretended her Miſtreſs had ordered her to conduct him into a certain Chamber, where they ſhould change Cloaths with each other, in order to divert themſelves, by impoſing their borrowed Reſemblance upon the Company. Advances of this Nature were extreme Favours for *Pomponius*. He foreboded very well and was not deceived. *Amiſſa*, for her Part, who muſt be the Confidant of this Myſtery, had found the Means never to loſe ſight of *Pomponius*, ſince ſhe was always to attend him every where, as long as he ſhould play the Part of *Octavia*.

As ſoon as ſhe had ſhut up *Pomponius* in the Room, ſhe went to carry *Octavia* the moſt agreeable News in the World. She made her a Thouſand Proteſtations of Friendſhip, and Offers of the moſt engaging Services in Relation to *Pomponius*, and at laſt propoſed their changing of Cloaths: *Octavia* accepted it, but, reflecting how earneſtly *Amiſſa* preſſed this Affair, ſhe feared her Woman was become her Rival. She aſked her a thouſand Queſtions,

ſtions, after what Manner ſhe had received *Pomponius*, and the Converſation they had together, if he had not given her a Kiſs to bring to her, made her any Preſent, or Promiſe, if he had not invited her to take a Walk with him, and a Thouſand other importunate Queſtions of the like Nature.

But all this was to no Purpoſe, and ſhe would not have ſucceeded any better, had ſhe aſked if ſhe did not love him. *Amiſſa* anſwered, whatever Merit *Pomponius* had, ſhe ſhould never forget herſelf ſo much as to aſpire at the Conqueſt of a *Roman* Knight. *Octavia*, in Appearance, contented herſelf with this Declaration; ſhe was a little jealous, either through the Violence of her Paſſion, or, that ſhe had a mind to try her Woman. I cannot believe this to be a natural Defect in her; the Ladies are not ſubject to it.

She had a penetrating and gay Wit, her Stature was large, and her Complexion, which was of a light brown, made her a piquant Beauty; all over her Face and Breaſts one might diſcover brillant Traces of Snow and Vermillion, which gave a wonderful Eclat to her Complexion, her Eyes ſparkled with a beautiful Fire, her Hair was naturally Cheſnut, but to which by Art ſhe had added a bright flaxen Hue,

gave

gave new Luſtre to her Face; ſhe had a Majeſtick Air, and one ſaw ſomewhat of the Grand in her Comportment.

CHAP. III.

Octavia's *Paſſion. The changing of Cloaths. The Adventure of* Mutia.

OCtavia went to the Chamber where *Amiſſa* had ſhut up *Pomponius*, and, forgetting her natural Haughtineſs, or rather the Decorum of her Sex, gave herſelf up entirely to the Violence of her Paſſion, ſhe threw her Arms about her Lover's Neck, and, on his Lips, taſted the Nectar of *Venus* till ſhe fainted away. On recovering her Strength, and finding herſelf in ſuch a tender Poſture, ſhe accepted all the Offers of Service that *Pomponius* tendered her, ſhe declared to him that ſhe would not be behind him in Love, and as paſſionate as he was for her, *Octavia* would yet love him more than ſhe could be loved by him. But this, ſaid ſhe, I require of you, to be ſecret and grateful; if ever you boaſt of the leaſt part of the Favours I grant you, or that you

you do not make a faithful Return, I ſhall deſpiſe you as much as I now love you: When there is any one with us, beſides *Amiſſa*, ſhew rather an Air of Indifference, and let no one know you love me but myſelf. However, puſh not Things ſo far as to offer your Service to another in my Preſence; if you do, by *Jupiter* the *Revenger*, I ſwear I will ſnatch the Poniard from your Side, and plunge it into your Heart.

Pomponius ſtood in need of no longer an Exhortation to ſhew himſelf faithful. He promiſed and ſwore to her every Thing that ſhe would have him, in joining his Lips to hers, and parting, with his Tongue, the Enamel of her Teeth. Upon this, *Amiſſa* could hold no longer; ſhe came up to them, undreſſed them both, and rendred, with a very good Will, that little Service to *Pomponius*. During this Ceremony, Love took care to diſcover certain Beauties, which we are not diſpleaſed to ſee, tho' we affect to hide them.

Our young Lovers, having changed their Cloaths, came into the Hall, juſt as the Concert began, where they played their Part ſo well, that no one, but *Octavia*'s Mother and *Mutia*, perceived they had changed their Habits. The former immediately retired into her Chamber and fell into the utmoſt Rage. She ſent

for

for *Amiſſa*, and commanded her to tell her if her Daughter had not given *Pomponius* ſome Thing more than her Cloaths. *Amiſſa* perfectly well maintained her Poſt, and declared her Miſtreſs innocent, and ſaid, that it was ſhe only who had cauſed this Change, and that neither *Octavia* nor *Pomponius* had any other Part in it but only to dreſs themſelves in the Habits ſhe had provided for them.

Octavia's Mother, who ſuſpected not *Amiſſa*'s Sincerity, believed her, and returned into the Hall, without taking any notice of what had paſſed. But *Mutia*, who was Governeſs to *Octavia*, and had taken notice alſo of the Farce, did not give entire Credit to what *Amiſſa* ſaid. She examined our Two Lovers more narrowly, but all to no Purpoſe, and what *Amiſſa* could not perſuade her to, ſhe believed from the Coldneſs and Indifference which ſhe obſerved they ſhewed to each other.

Till this Moment *Pomponius* might have called himſelf happy; but *Cupid*, in wounding *Mutia* with a Golden Arrow, which inſpired her with a violent Love for *Pomponius*, pierced him with one of Lead, which gave him an abſolute Hatred for *Mutia*. This Governeſs had ſeveral excellent Qualities: She had as much Prudence as any Lady bred at Court; ſhe was skilled in

Muſick

Muſick to Perfection; ſhe play'd on ſeveral Inſtruments, and ſung very gracefully. She had read much. She knew the Poets by Heart, eſpecially *Ovid*, whoſe *Art of Love* ſhe had ſet to Muſick. She was a Woman; that is to ſay, deſirous to pleaſe, willing to be loved, and loving ſometimes. *Pomponius* pleaſed her. She was charmed with his fine Manner, and untying a Bracelet ſhe wore upon her Arm, ſhe made him a Preſent of it. *Pomponius*, who then perſonated *Octavia*, believed he might receive from his pretended Goveſs a Bracelet, without any ill Conſequence. *Mutia*, ſeeing him ſo gallantly accept her Favours, not only ſhut her Eyes, Reſpect of what paſſed between him nd *Octavia*, and favoured *Aniſſa* after the oncern in every Thing relating to their anging Cloaths, but puſhing farther on er Paſſion, writ to him, next Morning, e following Billet;

MUTIA *to* POMPONIUS.

YOU received with too much Gallantry, my little Heart; the Bracelet which *Venus* ſent you by my Hand, not to teſtify your Acknowledgments to that Goddeſs. We will offer Sacrifice to her together, if, as I requeſt,

" you will come at Six o'Clock in th
" Evening to *Lucullus*'s Gardens. Lo
" needs no Witneſſes, come alone, a
" ſhall. Adieu.

Pomponius was very much ſurprized
this Adventure. On one Hand, *Octa*
entirely poſſeſſed his Heart, and he h
promiſed her an inviolable Friendſh
but, on the other Hand, if he deſpi
Mutia, he would draw upon himſelf
Enemy, that might break all the M
ſures he could take to ſee *Octavia*.
ſides, *Mutia* was upon the wain, ſhe h
indeed a great deal of Wit, but ſhe h
divided her Beauty amongſt ſo ma
Courtiers, that ſhe had not enough left
captivate a youthful Heart. *Pompo*
reſolved to make her a handſome Excu
and ſent back her Letter and Preſent,
cloſed in the following Billet.

POMPONIUS *to* MUTIA.

" YOU merit, Madam, much mo
" than I do. I ſuſpect the Garde
" of *Lucullus*. I ſhould be very ſorr
" that my Imprudence was the Ca
" that your Bracelets were impaired.
" return you the Preſent which *Venus* ſe

me by your Hand. Keep me, I beſeech you, as much in your good Graces as I have Eſteem for you. Adieu.

CHAP. IV.

Mutia intercepts a Letter from Pomponius. *Prevails upon* Octavian *to ſend his Daughter to the* Veſtals. Pomponius *diſguiſes himſelf in Women's Cloaths, takes upon him the Name of* Lucia, *and follows* Octavia *to the* Veſtals.

THERE is no Creature in the World ſo ſuſceptible of Rage as a ſlighted Woman. *Mutia* fell into a terrible Fury, and revenged herſelf upon *Octavia*, r the Contempt ſhe had received from *mponius*. A Woman inſpired with Jeauſy ſpares nothing to put her Vengeance Execution. *Mutia* was in theſe Sentiments when ſhe intercepted the following Letter.

POMPONIUS *to* OCTAVIA.

" WHAT Stratagems have you made
" uſe of, my Love, to reduce my
" Heart to others? I can think on no-
" thing but you, and every thing I ſe
" diſpleaſes me, unleſs it regards *Octavia*
" I burn, my little Soul, with the utmoſ
" Ardour, impatient to behold you. Ah
" how ſweet is it, my deareſt Heart, t
" gather, upon your ſoft Lips, the Sweet
" that Love has ſown! my Soul ſevera
" Times thought to forſake my Body
" while employed in that ſoft Exerciſe
" but I ſtill retain it, that I might th
" oftner ſacrifice it for you. Be not ſur
" prized that I have written this in m
" own Blood, ſince I have not a Drop bu
" is entirely at your Command. Adieu.

Mutia made all the uſe of this Letter tha an enraged Woman could do in her Con dition. She found out *Octavian*, and gav it to him; ſhe repreſented to him how much it concerned his Honour to hinde *Pomponius* from ſeeing *Octavia*. For th greater Security, ſhe adviſed him to clo ſter her up among the *Veſtal*-Virgin *Octavian* conſulted his Honour, and tho he did not believe *Octavia* capable of be

ing criminal, yet he knew she was a young Woman; that is to say, he was fully persuaded he could scarce be too watchful over her. Besides, were *Octavia* more prudent than *Lucretia*, yet the Passion of *Pomponius* expreſt itſelf too tenderly for her long Reſiſtance. He believed, therefore, and followed the Counſel of *Mutia*, and carried *Octavia* to the *Veſtals*, without making any mention either of *Pomponius* or his Letter.

But *Amiſſa*, who had diſcovered the Myſtery, and who ſaw herſelf obliged in Honour to attend her Miſtreſs, revealed the Secret to her. *Octavia* was very ſenſible of this cruel Stroke of Fortune, tho' her Soul was ſo great that ſhe diſſembled, eſpecially to her Governeſs, the Chagrin that diſturbed her. Scarce had ſhe paſſed ſome Days in the Palace of *Veſta* before ſhe writ to *Pomponius* a Billet, the moſt paſſionate in the World, in the following Expreſſions.

OCTAVIA *to* POMPONIUS.

"UNhappy Lover! how do I bewail "the Rigor of thy Deſtiny! thou "art the Cauſe of all my Miſery. My "Chains cry for Vengeance againſt thee, "and the Walls of my Priſon make my

" Bloody Reproaches for having delivered
" thee my Heart. Thou art not worthy
" to poſſeſs it, if thou doſt not break
" aſunder my Fetters, or if thou doſt not
" come and participate with me the Ri-
" gors of a Jayl, which appears to me
" only frightful becauſe it deprives me of
" the Pleaſure of ſeeing thee. Adieu.

Pomponius comprehended the whole Meaning of what ſhe writ him: He looked upon it as an Edict he muſt ſubmit to: To put which the ſooneſt in Execution he feigned an extraordinary Deſire of going to *Athens*, to perfect himſelf in the Art of Eloquence. His Parents, charmed to find in him ſuch noble Inclinations which might ſerve him one Day as a Step to the Attainment of the higheſt Honours in the Empire, praiſed his Deſign, and largely furniſhed him with all Things neceſſary for his Journey.

He took his Leave of them, and, having gained over to his Purpoſe, three Servants, who attended him, he returned privately into *Rome*, diſguiſed in the Dreſs of a Woman, his Youth favouring him; cloathed one of his Slaves in the Garb of a *Roman* Lord, who was to ſay that he was his Father, going to carry her to the *Veſtals* and commit her to their prudent Care.

Verſilia

Verſilia, who was the moſt antient, received *Pomponius*, who had taken the Name of *Lucia*, with as much Frankneſs as if he had really been what he appeared to be. The Palace of the *Veſtals* is ſacred. It is not permitted for any Man to enter. The married Women go in but upon certain Days, and then too only come into the Galleries of the Temple of the Great Goddeſs, at leaſt if they be not initiated in the holy Myſteries.

As ſoon as the Noiſe was ſpread over the Houſe, that there was a new Comer, all the *Veſtals* ran to ſee her. *Octavia* thought that her Eyes had impoſed upon her, and, as ſhe was continually thinking upon *Pomponius*, ſhe believed, that this was a mere Effect of her Imagination, which made her find in *Lucia* ſo much Reſemblance of her deareſt Lover. *Amiſſa* too did not know what to think, till Love, by his Torch, diſſipated the Darkneſs that involved their Eyes. The Joy *Octavia* felt, in finding the Object of her Love ſo near her, was too ſenſibly counterbalanced by the Apprehenſion ſhe had, leſt the Stratagem they had made uſe of ſhould be diſcovered.

They diſſembled for ſome few Days, as much as Love would permit them, the good Underſtanding there was between them. At length, as if inſenſibly they

came

came to be acquainted with one another, they chatted together, as young Women do, and grew to be Intimates. They were called the Two Confidants, the Inseparable, the Faithful, and the Two good Friends. They were even propoſed as Models to the other *Veſtals*, on the Account of that Union there was between them. They had no one for their Confidant but *Amiſſa*.

There was no *Mutia* in that Family; and *Pompanius*, in his Woman's Diſguiſe, inſpired Love in none but thoſe who knew him. As beautiful as a young Woman may be, it is very rare for her to excite a Paſſion in another of the ſame Sex, becauſe they all believe themſelves more handſome than each other, and on that Account have no Love for any but themſelves. Not but that ſometimes they unite themſelves by a kind of Friendſhip, which comes very near to Love, and goes often greater Lengths, when they meet a Sympathy in Spirits. Then they can refuſe themſelves nothing. They have entire Confidence in each other, and mutually reveal their moſt ſecret Thoughts.

They diſpoſe indifferently, with an amorous Indolence, of all the Parts of their Body, they hide nothing, and that which they know particularly to make them amiable, they riciprocally communicate,

and

and their officious Hands roll every where as their ſoft Deſires prompt them on. The Eyes follow immediately the Hands, and the Effects of ſuch a Union are of a ſtrange Conſequence.

CHAP. V.

A Party of Pleaſure in the Garden. Amiſſa's Story. She diſcovers herſelf to Pomponius, *Octavia's Jealouſy.*

THE firſt Scenes of Pleaſure *Lucia* and *Octavia* enjoyed, were at their ſecret nightly Meetings, in a large Walk of Laurel and Orange Trees that reached down to the *Tyber*, which waſhed the Gardens of the *Veſtals*. Scarce had the Night ſtretched out her gloomy Pavilion over the Earth, when the Moon, riſing in her Silver Chariot, diſpenſed on each Side a feeble Light, which ſerved as a Flambeau to our young Lovers: Then it was *Amiſſa*, who felt as ſtrong a Paſſion for *Lucia* as *Octavia* ever could have Sentiments of, being well acquainted with every Turning of the Houſe, and not ignorant

norant of the uſeful Art of opening the Doors, that were an Obſtacle to her Pleaſures, took care to conduct our Lovers by round about ways, into the Garden.

In theſe ſoft Moments, there paſſed a Thouſand amorous Accidents, any one of which was ſufficient to make a Monarch happy. The tendereſt Diſcourſes were accompanied with the moſt ſenſible Signs of Love. *Amiſſa* only, ſuffered a long and cruel Martyrdom. All the Favours which her Miſtreſs ſo prodigally laviſhed upon *Lucia*, were to her as ſo many Stabs of the keeneſt Ponyard; and tho' ſhe ſtudied to hide, cloſe in her Breaſt, every Thing that paſſed, yet could ſhe not help ſignifying to *Lucia*, how happy ſhe eſteemed that Perſon to be who was ſo much in her good Graces. *Lucia* was not inſenſible to theſe Praiſes, ſhe eaſily lent an Ear to the enchanting Diſcourſes that the amorous *Amiſſa* entertained her with; and though ſhe had no Sentiments of Love for *Amiſſa*, yet ſhe willingly heard her, and took Pleaſure in the Stories ſhe told her.

One Day *Amiſſa*, having a Mind to ſee how far *Lucia*'s Complaiſance would carry her, told her this Tale.

"*Thraſea*, Queen of *Tyre*, had an only "Daughter, whoſe growing Beauties in- "ſpired Love in every Courtier that had "the

" the Honour to approach her. One Day, " as the young Princeſs was walking " by the River Side with her Maids of " Honour, ſhe ſaw a Ship come up which " ſhe was curious to go into. She went " aboard with all her Train. Immedi- " diately the Captain put again to Sea, " and carried off the Princeſs, of whom " he made a Preſent, in Quality of a " Slave, to *Agrippina*, Wife of *Ger-* " *manicus*.

" *Agrippina* brought her up as her own " Daughter, but this Lady going for the " Eaſt, made a Preſent of her to a *Roman* " Matron, who placed her with her Daugh- " ter as an Attendant. The young Prin- " ceſs was ſo ſtrictly attached to her Mi- " ſtreſs, that ſhe found no Pleaſure but " in her Happineſs, and participated with " her in all her Afflictions; but one In- " clination cauſed in them both a great " deal of Pain. A young Lord having " declared himſelf openly for the young " Lady whom the Princeſs of *Tyre* waited " on, drew upon her the Diſpleaſure of " her Parents; but Love is artful and " afforded Means for the young Lord to " meet the Object of his Paſſion.

" The Princeſs of *Tyre*, who was their " Confidant, ſaw him, with Pain in the " Arms of another. This cauſed in her a " a ſecret and moſt cruel Martyrdom,

" which

" which she suffered without daring to
" explain herself. She endeavoured, in
" the mean while, by her Discourses and
" engaging Carriage, to obtain some Part
" of this young Lord's Esteem. One
" Day, when they were alone, she
" discovered her Love to him; she cast
" herself at his Feet, desired his Se-
" cresy, and begged him, once at least,
" to satisfy her Passion. And what think
" you this young Nobleman did?

He ought, said *Lucia* to have answered so bright a Flame. Scarce had he spoke these Words, when *Amissa* fell upon her Knees, told him she was that same Princess of *Tyre*, owned to him her Passion, and intreated him to satisfy it. *Pomponius* was very much surprized at this Accident; but the more he looked upon *Amissa*, the more was he convinced that she did not impose upon him. In accepting each other's Love, they promised an inviolable Secresy; but they could not keep this Affair so private, but that *Octavia* suspected her Lover of Infidelity, and immediately resolved one Day or other to play him such a Trick, that would require all his Wit and Address to save his Honour: And accordingly proposed to three or four *Vestals* of her Companions, to make a Party of Pleasure, in which it should be agreed, they should go a Bathing

in

in the River. This they readily accepted, hoping, by that Means, they might ſurvey all thoſe Beauties which Nature had beſtowed on them. *But ſhall not Lucia*, ſaid one of the *Veſtals*, after a very agreeable Manner, to *Octavia*, *be of the Party?* Undoubtedly, anſwered the other; ſhe was lately reproached for *having no Breaſts*, and that her Petticoats *ſtrutted* out more than her Body; this will be the true way to find out the Meaning of it.

Upon this, they went all of them to propoſe the Thing to *Lucia*, who then affected the Prude, becauſe ſhe ſaw the Conſequences of ſuch an Engagement; but it being impoſſible for her to reſiſt their repeated Inſtances, ſhe conſented to it. Scarce had they reached the River, when *Octavia* undreſſed herſelf the firſt, and threw herſelf into the Water. The reſt preſently followed her Example, but *Lucia* judged it proper to continue on the Bank of the *Tyber*, under Pretence to look if there ſhould any one be coming. *Octavia*, ſeeing herſelf played upon after ſuch a Manner ſhe little expected, was in Pain to ſee herſelf viewed in that Condition. The others, who knew not that *Lucia* was of a different Sex, were not in the leaſt uneaſy to be ſeen after that Manner. They let him help them to put on their Cloaths. *Lucia* revenged herſelf

no otherwiſe on *Octavia*, than in demanding of her double the Favours ſhe was uſed to beſtow upon him.

CHAP. VI.

Pomponius, *being diſcovered by* Petilia *leaves the* Veſtals. *His Speech at his Departure.*

THE Parties of Pleaſure, between *Octavia*, *Lucia*, and *Amiſſa*, were ſo frequent that *Lucia* had ſcarce Force ſufficient to acquit herſelf handſomely at them. Theſe three Perſons taſted in Peace the moſt tender Sweets of Love, and *Venus* never found herſelf more delighted in the Arms of *Mars*; *Jupiter* enjoyed not greater Pleaſures in the Houſe of *Alcmena*, than our three Lovers in the Palace of *Veſta*. *Octavia* looked upon it now no longer as a Priſon; every Thing in it ſmiled and had its Charms, ſince *Lucia* always was her Companion every where. But the Gods, enraged that *Pomponius* had ſo long profaned the ſacred Place, permitted *Petilia*, who had the Care of the Baths,

Baths, to perceive a Difference of Sex in *Lucia*.

She fluctuated a little when she first saw it, and knew not if she might believe her Eyes; but, the Fact being so evident, she doubted whether she should inform *Versilia* of it in private, or cry out that the Mysteries of the Gods were profound, and to punish the Sacrilege. *Pomponius*, who read in her Eyes what she thought, very dextrously prevented the Scandal, by giving *Petilia* some Pieces of Gold, to oblige her to Secresy.

He succeeded for that Time; but *Petilia*, finding the Mettal to be very good, threatened him every Day to betray him. *Pomponius*, seeing he had scarce any more Money left, resolved to make an honourable Retreat. He gave Notice to the Slave, who personated his Father, to come and fetch him away, which was immediately done. *Versilia* testified her Gratitude to *Lucia* in so advantageous a Manner, that she thought herself obliged, in Return for her Civilities, to thank her before all the *Vestals*. She desired the High Priestess to assemble all of them in the Vestibulum of the Temple, where she spoke to them in these Words;

" HOLY Virgins, faithful Keepers of
" the ſacred Fire, chaſt Doves, wor-
" thy Prieſteſſes of *Veſta*, I call the Gods
" to witneſs the Obligations I lye under to
" you. They only know the ſweet Mo-
" ments I have paſt amongſt you, and
" the charming Pleaſures that I have taſt-
" ed in the Friendſhip with which ſome
" of you have honoured me. *Lucia* will
" never forget the Wiſdom, Prudence
" and Diſcretion of the auguſt *Verſilia*
" She will always bear a conſtant Teſti-
" mony of the Sanctity, Chaſtity, and
" Innocence of the illuſtrious Virgins who
" form this Family. Whether the ſoft
" Bands of Hymen link me one Day to a
" Huſband, or that I perſevere in Cha-
" ſtity, of which Virtue you have given
" me ſuch bright Examples, I ſhall never
" ceaſe thanking *Jupiter* for the Favour
" which he has granted me to live among
" you. I ſwear by *Styx*, an Oath invio-
" lable to the Gods, that I never will diſ-
" cover to any one, what I have acted in
" this holy Reſidence. I will never be-
" tray your divine Myſteries, and I will
" keep in eternal Silence the ſacred Ce-
" remonies I have ſeen you practiſe.
" ſhall think myſelf the moſt happy of
" all *Romans*, if, while you preſerve the
" ſacred Fire, you would vouchſafe to

" pra

pray ſometimes to that God who is aſſigned your Guardian, never to kindle in my Heart other than pure Flames that may ſet me on Fire with an ardent Love for Virtues the moſt ſublime. The Sun, *Diana* and *Veſta* will be propitious to me, if you ſecond my Vows. I expect, in leaving you, no more than this Favour from your Generoſity.

Verſilia returned *Lucia* Incenſe for Incenſe, and all the *Veſtals* loaded her with their Praiſes. Tho' *Octavia* had conſented that *Pomponius* ſhould go, ſince being diſcovered, he could not continue in the Houſe without extreme Danger, ſhe could not help ſhedding a whole Torrent of Tears when ſhe ſaw him depart. *Amiſſa* was inconſolable, and they both made ſuch a Noiſe as ſufficiently gave *Petilia* to underſtand that it was for them only that he aſſumed this Maſquerade.

CHAP. VII.

Pomponius goes to Court. A Digreſſion upon the Origine of Manuſcripts. A Letter to Pomponius *from his Father.*

AS ſoon as *Pomponius* had left the Palace of the *Veſtals*, the Danger which he had run looked him ſo full in the Face that he thanked the Gods that he had been ſo happy as to eſcape it. He then called all his Slaves together and inſtructed them what they ſhould ſay when they came home, particularly, that they ſhould pretend that the Air of *Greece* was very prejudicial to his Health.

His Father received him with all the Satisfaction imaginable, and made him aſpire to Honours, according to the Genius of the *Romans*, with whom Ambition is not their loweſt Paſſion. *Pomponius* believed, according to the Policy of thoſe Times, that he ſhould never be advanced to any Station of Honour, but as he was favoured by the Recommendation of *Sejanus*, Prime Miniſter of the Emperor *Tiberius*. His Youth, joined to the Charms of his extraordinary Beauty, gained him

mon-

more Access to the Court than the Honours of his Family seemed to allow him. But every Thing yeilds to Ambition.

Sejanus, the chief Favourite of *Tiberius*, to whom *Pomponius* paid his daily court, dextrously made use of the Perfections of this young Courtier, to retain *Tiberius* in the Pleasures of the Isle of *Capree*. There was no Party of Pleasure of which this fine Youth did not make one: But his Father, who had Sentiments of Probity, very opposite to what was practised at Court, gave him excellent Rules for his Conduct, in a little scroll which he wrote to him. I shall insert it as I had it from an antient Manuscript, written on the Bark of a Tree, and in a Scroll of venerable Antiquity. As the greatest Part of my History is drawn from this antient Piece, I believe it will be a Pleasure to the learned Reader to present him with its Genealogy, and say somewhat, as we go on, concerning the *Origine of Manuscripts*.

After *Noah* had planted the Vine, he observed, that the Rind of it pealed off very easily, but that it could be of no Manner of Use. He believed that the Oak would produce a Bark more solid and useful. He planted one, which he called, *The Oak of Mamre*; which, in the *Syriac* Language, is as much as to say, *The Oak*

of

of Books, as the learned Rabbi *Eli Ben-Eli* proves with his wonted Erudition, in his curious Reſearches, relating to the firſt Books in the World.

Noah commanded his Children, that in the Year of the Creation of the World 3954, they ſhould take off the Rind or Bark from the *Oak of Mamré*, and write upon it all that they ſhould have learnt by the Tradition of their Fathers. This *Moſes* put in Execution, who was the firſt that brought Writing in Vogue. It is true that People before him did write, but that was only upon Leaves of Trees, Wax, or ſometimes upon Stone.

A long while after *Moſes*, they continued writing upon Barks of Trees. Upon theſe Barks it was that *Anacreon* wrote his Odes; *Plato* gave the World the Idea of his Commonwealth; *Homer* deſcribed the *Grecian* War; *Menander* and *Terence* wrote their Comedies; *Ariſtotle* retailed out his Fancies; *Lucian* compos'd his Dialogues; and, in a Word, *Fabius Celer*, Secretary to *Pomponius*, wrote the Life of his Maſter. This Manuſcript lay a long while buried under the Ruins of the *Pomponian* Palace at *Rome*, where it was found when the Conſtable *de Bourbon* pillaged that City. *Peter Aretin*, was ſo great a Friend to Slander, that he ſpoke ill of every one but God, whom he had no Knowledge of.

This

his Man, whom ſome believed highly onoured by putting upon his Tombſtone heſe Words, *viz.* that *he had fricaſſed the hole World with Bay Salt.* This *Aretin*, ſay, deciphered this Manuſcript, copied , and made a Preſent of it to *Granvelle*, ho was Miniſter to the Emperor *Charles* he Fifth, who gave it to the Elector of *axony*, his good Friend, to be put into he Library at *Wittemberg*; from whence came to the Vatican, where it makes ne of its principal Rarities to this Day.

We ſhould however do well to obſerve, hat what I have ſaid in Relation to Manuſcripts upon Barks of Trees, does by o Means favour the Syſtem of Father *Hardouin* the Jeſuit, ſince not one of thoſe Manuſcripts has not, with the Name of s Author, the Title of Frier or Brother. Beſides, the learned *Coutant* has aſſured me, that they were more antient than Monaſtick Orders, and, of Conſequence, hat the Publick is not obliged to the Monks for what has appeared under the Name of ——*Virgil*, *Terence*, *Horace*, *Cicero*, *&c.*

However, the learned Jeſuit *Germont* ath promiſed to ſhew me a large Medal n Braſs, which hath a Monk on one ſide f it, with theſe Words, *Frater Terentius*, nd, on the Reverſe, the Names of *Te-*

rence's

rence's Comedies. If he had been ſo good as to have lent it me, I ſhould have been pleaſed to have had it engraven for the Rarity of the Fact; but he makes a ſtrange Myſtery of it. I believe, notwithſtanding, that at the Perſuaſion of his Friends, he will give it us in his Anſwer to *Caſtantius*. In the mean while let us reſume the Thread of our Diſcourſe.

LUCIUS JUNIUS POMPONIUS *to* FLAVIUS POMPONIUS.

"MY dear Son, a long Experience "has taught me, that our Innocence is but very rarely preſerved at "Court, and we cannot make our Fortune but at the Expence of our Integrity. Study *Sejanus*: Thou mayſt "profit greatly by being near that Miniſter. He has a Maſter whoſe Mind is "not eaſy to manage. Strictly remark "all his Actions. When thou ſhalt "have brought from Court the Talent of "inſinuating thyſelf into People's Hearts, "thou wilt not have loſt thy Time. "Abuſe not the Acceſs thou haſt to the "Prince, to do Diſ-ſervice to others. "Meddle not with any Intrigue in Relation to the State. Be not curious to "know any Secret of *Caſar*; and, if he

"places

places any Confidence in thee, dread leſt what he ſhall have intruſted thee with be diſcover'd, or, do not ſucceed, for fear he ſhould accuſe thee of Infidelity. There is but one Point between the higheſt Favour and the loweſt Diſgrace. Deſpiſe nobody. Diſſemble the ill Offices that may be done thee. Confide not in any one. Obey the Times. As to what remains, be of no other Religion but that of thy Prince. Be honeſt, civil, friendly, officious, affable, and obliging. Approve all the Actions of *Cæſar*. Speak little, and ſpeak not all thou thinkeſt. Place always before thy Eyes the Actions of our Fore-father, that thou mayſt never degenerate from the *Roman* Name. Adieu.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Disgrace of Sejanus, Pompo-nius *flies from Court, with fo-ther* Roman *Lords. The Hiſto-of* Egnatius.

POmponius had not Time to re- any Advantage from the I- ſtructions of his Father. *Sej-anus* flattered him with the mo- alluring Hopes the Ambiti- of a young Courtier could conceive. But Reverſe of Fortune, in ruining this M- miſter, made all his great Deſigns entire- vaniſh; and tho' Favour might have d- ſpenſed with his Age, required in bei- made Edile, Pretor, and even Conſul, h- ſaw, in one Moment, his Fortune f- ever vaniſh.

Sejanus was arreſted in the Senate, b- the Order of *Tiberius*, his Proceſs w- made, and he was drawn along the Stree- to the Jakes, while every thing conſpire- in *Rome*, to the utter Loſs and Ruin of th- moſt illuſtrious Families, under Preten- of the Friendſhip that the principal R- *mans* had contracted with *Sejanus*. It w- imputed as a Crime to *Pomponius Secu-dus*, Conſul, and Uncle to him who- Hiſtor-

Hiſtory we now write, that *Ælius Gallus* id not believe he could find a ſurer Aſy-m to preſerve his own Life, after the uniſhment of *Sejanus*, than to fly and ide himſelf in the *Pomponian* Gardens. carce was there to be found any *Roman* night, who had the Generoſity to repre-nt to the Emperor, the Irregularity of Conduct which put the whole City in the moſt Diſorder and Confuſion.

The Informers continuing ſtill their famous and execrable Practices, *Pompo-us*, who had too great a Share of the od Graces of *Sejanus* not to be ſuſpected, ok a Reſolution to retire a long way off, th four *Roman* Lords, who ſought their curity by Flight. Theſe illuſtrious Fu-tives were, SULPITIUS PISO, QUIN-US EGNATIUS, FABIUS CELER, and AXIMUS PRISCUS. They went to *Na-s*, where they embarked in a Veſſel that s bound to the Eaſt. Scarce had they t ſight of Shore, when they made ſeve-l Reflexions, and entertained them-ves on the Viciſſitudes of human Life. POMPONIUS, who was lately in Fa-ur, the Delight of his Prince, and ſup-rted with all the Protection of a Prime iniſter, now found himſelf a Fugi-e, exiled, abandoned, and preſerved thing but the Remembrance of all his

Pleaſures, and the chimerical Idea of H
nours to which he had aſpired.

PISO, who was the only Hope of an i
luſtrious Family, ran the ſame Haza
as *Pomponius*, with whom he had be
educated. His lively gay, poignant, a
penetrating Wit, a great Genius for t
Occult-Science, in the Rudiments of whi
he had made a conſiderable Progreſs, a n
tural Eloquence, joined with an illuſtrio
Birth, had given him a happy Introduc
at Court: And tho' he had not eſcap
the Pleaſures of *Caprea*, he was howev
no otherwiſe attatched to them, than N
ceſſity, and the Deſire he had to plea
the Emperor, obliged him.

QUINTUS EGNATIUS, who was gro
old in Arms, and ſunk under the Weig
of thoſe many Laurels he had obtain
found that too much Merit is ſometim
hurtful, ſince his Diſgrace was only ow
ing to this, that *Tiberius* had believ
him capable of aſpiring to the Empire, b
cauſe he was worthy of it.

FABIUS CELER, who had been Gov
nior to *Pomponius*, would willingly
the Companion of his Flight, and o
fered him his Pen, in Quality of his S
cretary.

MAXIMUS PRISCUS had a perſon
Vice, which made him worthy all kin

f Puniſhment, having the ſame Inclina-
ions, and the ſame Sentiments as *Helvi-*
ius Priſcus, his Brother, who was too in-
mate with *Thraſea* not to be ſuſpected by
he Goverment.

Tho' theſe five Perſons had very diffe-
ent Inclinations, their Intereſts, which
ere the ſame, united them together,
nd made them ſhare a thouſand Adven-
ures which I ſhall deſcribe, as well for
he Inſtruction of my Reader as his Di-
erſion.

To make their Voyage leſs tedious,
ey agreed to tell each of them their Ad-
entures, one after another. *Egnatius*,
ho was the eldeſt of them, inaſmuch as
e had paſſed his fourteenth Luſtrum, be-
an firſt.

MY Children, ſaid he to them, there is nothing more deceitful than the orld. I am grown grey in Arms and Court, can ſpeak by Experience. Born an illuſtrious Family, to which *Rome* wes a Part of its Glory and Splendor. made my firſt Campaign under *Pompey*. was in his Camp at *Pharſalia*, and re-eived three Wounds in my Face. I ought under the Banner of *Auguſtus*, at *ctium*; and, ſince thoſe two unhappy pochas, there has not been an Action in hich I did not make the Enemies of the

Empire chew the Duſt of the Field. I paſſed thirty Years in the Eaſt, where I carried Arms under the moſt noble Gene rals *Rome* ever produced. I ſaw *Armeni* the Theatre of War; and, that nothin might eſcape my Knowledge, I followe *Varrus* into *Gaul*: I was almoſt the only Officer that eſcaped at the dreadful Slaugh ter, made by *Arminius*, of the *Roma* Legions, and where the unfortunate *Var rus* loſt both his Life and his Honour.

I fought under the Eagles of *Druſu* and I deſerved to command a Legion un der *Germanicus*. I was Witneſs to all th great Actions of that Prince. It was who held his Arm when he was going t fall upon his Sword at the Revolt of hi Troops. I conducted *Agrippina* to *Colog* I had like to have periſhed in the Ocean along with *Germanicus*. I attended hi to *Rome*. I followed him into the Eaſ where he periſhed by the Stratagems o *Sejanus* and *Livia*. I accompanied hi Aſhes, and returned to *Rome* with the pre cious Reliques of that great Man. I wa ſo weary of the World, that I reſolved t lead a private Life, far diſtant from th Court, and hurry; and at the ſame Tim too from Danger. I retired to *Fundi*, i an Inheritance of my Father's, and thank ed the Gods for three Things; the Firſt that I had never been married; the Second

tha

hat I had never ſerved under any Gene-
al, who was not worthy to command
ne; the Third, that I was not known to
iberius, but this laſt Happineſs I enjoyed
ot long.

I received Orders from that Prince to
ome to Court. He interrogated me con-
erning my whole Life, offering me Ho-
ours, and put me into the Hands of *Se-
anus*, to whom he thought I might give
ome Light, in Relation to the Countries
had been in. I attached myſelf to that
Miniſter, in following the Orders of my
Prince, and I obſerved in him an un-
ounded Ambition.

Though he concealed from me his In-
rigues with *Livia*, I diſcovered them,
ut I was diſcreet enough not to mention
a Syllable to any one. His Diſgrace
came on, and that little Confidence which
he had in me, is a Crime that I muſt ex-
piate by Flight.

CHHP. XI.

Egnatius *meets with ſome Witches. Prophetick Verſes relating to the Succeſſion of the Empire.*

Illuſtrious Warriour, ſaid *Celer*, you too much abridge your Hiſtory. I obſerved that *Piſo* and *Pomponius* had a Mind to interrupt you, when you paſſed over in Silence your Actions in the Eaſt, during the thirty Years you reſided there. You are but a Man: Had you never the Curioſity to conſult the Oracles for what ſhould happen in future Times? This Article is a very important one, replied *Egnatius*, and requires a great deal of Diſcretion. However, as I have no Reaſon to ſuſpect any of the Company, I will relate a very ſtrange Adventure that happened to me.

I ſo ordered my Military Affairs in the Eaſt, that I had always ſome Time to ſpare for my Pleaſures, *Corbulo*, *Paulinus* and myſelf one Day made a Party for Hunting, in a thick Foreſt near the River *Euphrates*. We were at leaſt three Hours without ſtarting any Game. At laſt we heard a Noiſe, not unlike that of Trum-

rumpets, but more full and ſonorous. We made up to it as faſt as we could, nd found Nine Ladies dreſt like *Amazons*, ith their hunting Equipage.

As ſoon as ever they perceived us, they egan to run away. *Corbulo*, who was e beſt mounted, purſued them as faſt as could, and came up to one of them, ho immediately vaniſhed, as he began take hold of her. *Paulinus* rode up to im, to whom he related the Fact. We ſolved to follow them, come what would, here ever they went. We galloped on far, that at laſt we came to the Mouth a frightful Den. *Corbulo* diſmounted, nd we did the ſame. We went on foot, ith Sword in Hand, into this Cavern. e wandered a long Time without know- g where we were going, a frightful arkneſs reigning throughout the Hemi- here; nor did we know how to extricate urſelves from that horrible Obſcurity in hich we were involved.

However, at laſt advancing a little far- er, we perceived a faint glimmering, hich we made up to. It gave us as much ight as enabled us to go down a Pair of airs of three hundred Steps, at the Bot- m of which we found a Door cloſe ſhut. e knocked. Immediately we heard e aſk us, who we were. We anſwered, *omans*. The Voice ſaid to us, that, if

we

we would come in, we must go and bath three Times in the River *Euphrates.* W are clean, said *Corbulo,* open the Door.

Upon this we heard a Noise of Drum Trumpets, and Timbrels, at the Soun whereof the Door opened of itself, and frightful Voice uttered these Words.

Tremble ye Mortals as ye Enter here.

The first Thing which presented itse to us, after the Darkness was dissipate was a horrible Dragon, that cast Fire an Flame from his Eyes, Mouth, and N strills. *Corbulo* advanced towards him run him through with his Sword, but pierced nothing but Air.

We then went forwards through a stra Alley, at the End of which was a ver fine Garden, and all along on one Side it stood a magnificent Palace, but I chanted, every Part of which was aliv We went into the Rooms below, witho seeing any body. We went up Stair and found, at the Door of one Chambe a young Lady playing on a Guitar. S received us very agreeably, and offere to shew us all the Beauties of the Cast Scarce had she brought us into the Cham ber, but she changed her Form, and to upon her the Resemblance of *Corbu* who was very much surprized to see his o

For

orm on one Side of him. The Story of *Amphitrion* then came into his Mind, and e kept himſelf within Bounds of Reſpect r fear he ſhould meet with the Fate of *oſia.*

The falſe *Corbulo* caried us thro' Three hambers glorioufly furniſhed, where we w no body. He made us ſtop in the ourth, and there appeared immediately n exquiſite and magnificent Repaſt. He ave us a Sign to ſit down and eat, but he Meat, Plates, and Table were impal-able, and the Wine was nothing but Air. fter ſo frugal a Repaſt, he brought us nto a very fine Chamber, where were hirty Ladies, who played on different nſtruments. They roſe up, and invited s to join with them in their Concert. he Part they gave *Corbulo* was couched n theſe Lines,

When your Tiberius *ſhall ſubmit to Fate,*
A Cuckold then ſhall fill th' Imperial Seat
His cruel Succeſſor ſhall cauſe the Death
Of her who bore him, and firſt gave him Breath.

By *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, ſaid *Piſo*, tho' the mperor ſtudies Magick, he muſt cer-ainly have known nothing of this, my dear

dear *Egnatius*. He would have had no Cau
to have apprehended you to be the Ma
ſince you are not married, there woul
be no Danger the Brow-Antlers ſhou
ſprout upon your Forehead. By the God
Rome is happy in having ſuch Perſons
her Maſters. The good Man *Auguſt*
had, they ſay, his Horn exalted, and a
the World knows of what Stuff the Fron
lets that *Julia* preſented to *Tiberius* wer
made of. If I had been you, I woul
have married the greateſt Coquet i
Rome, ſince the Empire is entailed upo
Cuckoldom. And certainly you have bee
very much in the wrong not to have tol
me of this Prediction ſooner, I would hav
married, in ſpite of my Father and Mo
ther, either *Circe* or *Quartilla*.

Young Man, ſaid *Egnatius*, your merry
Humour pleaſes me, and, as much as
can foreſee, you will hinder us fro
growing chagrine or uneaſy. Theſe ar
the Verſes they gave *Paulinus*. Reflec
upon them.

Should he, according to an amorous Mind
In Hymen's Bands a Pleaſing Beauty find,
On her his Heart beſtowing, yet muſt he,
To die an Emperor, a Cuckold be.

By

By the God *Mercury*, ſaid *Piſo*, I am e Man; if there wants only that Quali-cation to be Emperor *Piſo*, I'll marry y Siſter, ſhe has a ſprightly Air, and erit enough to be an Empreſs. Do not e uneaſy. I'll make thee *Cæſar*. God's-h, ſaid *Piſo*, tho' you ſhould do ſo, I elieve you would not be one Degree earer the Throne for that; it is true now-days to be Married and to be a Cuckold the ſame Thing. You believe that *recina* knows no Man but her own Huſ-and, and if *Rome* wanted a chaſt Woman ſacrifice to *Diana*, ſhe could not chuſe nother. However, I'll tell you one of e moſt pleaſant Adventures in the Vorld, which will convince you that one hould never depend upon the Gravity of Woman.

I was waſhing in the *Tyber* with eight oung Men of my Age, all as demure as yſelf. We perceived, at a good Diſtance om us, a Woman in the Water, we came p to her, and, pretending to take her for Nymph, we made her ſome Compli-ents upon her heavenly Charms. We rought her inſenſibly to the little Iſland, e lay down with her, tho' indeed we ſed ſome little Force, upon the Graſs, here we ſtole from her ſome Favours. fter which we took our Leave.

The

The Gods be praiſed, ſaid ſhe, that have been once in my Life ſatisfied wit out committing any Sin.

This Story ſcandalized *Priſcus*, but t others laughed at it. He contented hi ſelf with adviſing *Piſo* to be more reſerv when he talked of the Ladies, and eſp cially never to name the Maſks. *Egnati* ſaid, he had not told them what was h Part of the Concert. *Priſcus* would wi lingly have diſpenſed with him, but t others deſiring him to continue his D courſe, theſe were the Verſes they ga me.

One Day from Germany *ſhall come*
A famous Eater towards Rome,
Who might the Empire quite devour,
If from the Eaſt, in happy Hour,
A brave Revenger does not come,
And from her Martyrdom ſave Rome.

After the Concert was over, a Lad ſtruck us with a Wand; every Thing v niſhed, and we found ourſelves at th Door of the Cavern, where our Horſe waited for us. As ſtrange as this Adven ture ſeemed, we were obliged to kee it a ſecret; we found it difficult enoug to get out of the Wood: We endeavoure

after

We enquired afterwards what that Cavern was, but the Country People gave us such different Accounts, that we were obliged to be satisfied with what we had seen.

CHAP. X.

A Difference between Piso *and* Egnatius *accommodated by* Priscus. *The History of* Celer.

I Should be desirous, said *Piso*, to know what that enchanted Castle was, what the Ladies of your Opera sung, what was served upon Table at that sumptuous Banquet from which you came away hungry, what Part you play'd in the Musick, and whether you beat Time with your Swords. Blood, you run over these Things so hastily as if you were afraid we should know all. Had *Cicero* whom you have often heard, been as concise in relating the Adventures of *Anthony*, as you are in relating yours, by *Castor* he had never lost his Head. *Piso*, said *Egnatius*, you are but young, *Cicero* was more concise than when he related only a bare Fact. The Eloquence of the Bar differs very much from that of Conversation. If I

ſhould tell you all, I ſhould leave you nothing to imagine; beſides, I could not tell you any Thing that's new, for ſurely you have ſeveral Times heard Talk of enchanted Caſtles: As for the Banquet, you know the Hiſtory of *Tantalus*.

"Unhappy *Tantalus* tormented with "Hunger and Thirſt ſees the Water run "cloſe by his Mouth, and the Fruit, as it "ſwims by, touches it, yet he cannot ſa-"tisfy his Appetite." This repreſents our Banquet, we were juſt in the ſame Condition.

Zoons, ſaid *Piſo*, your Hiſtory would have had quite another Turn if you had told it in Verſe. You are in the Right tho' I ſay ſo; you have the Advantages of Age and Experience over me; but to tell you my Opinion, let it be as fooliſh as you pleaſe, I think you are a better Poet then Orator. You might have expatiated upon a thouſand Things which very well deſerved to be heard, and wherein you might have diſplay'd your Wit: Inſtead of all this, you give us a plain Narrative of what befell you, 'tis true, in few Words, but this does not tickle the Ear. I ſee neither Tropes nor Flowers in all your Diſcourſe; all I obſerve in it is, that it is clear, conciſe, and very plain. You go beyond good Manners, ſaid *Priſcus*; and did I not know that you have a Reſpect for *Egnatius*,

ſhould

should think that you have a Mind to try his Patience. Let me tell you, that the Beauty of Converſation, ought to conſiſt in plain juſt Thoughts. A Sally ſometimes is excuſed; but ſhould any Man ſet up to declaim in Company, I ſhould ſoon fall a ſleep. There muſt be nothing low or grovling in familiar Converſation; and though few Figures are admitted into it, yet it has its Sublime. And to convince you by your ſelf, was *Cicero* in your Head when you courted *Grecina*? Is not the Mind more affected with ſomething of Simplicity, which is in thoſe few Words you put into her Mouth, than in all your Tropes and Flowers? I believe you are in the Right, anſwered *Piſo*, there is a Pleaſure in converſing with Men of Wit and Taſte; for there is always ſome Improvement to be had from them. I'll keep my Hiſtory to the laſt, that I may obſerve after what Manner you relate yours. Yet you muſt allow that *Egnatius* with his rare Talent for familiar Converſation had been tedious, had not *Pomponius* and I enliven'd up the Diſcourſe. You will be at him, ſaid *Coler*, by and by you ſhall tell us the Cauſe of your Animoſity. You are too inquiſitive, replied *Piſo*, 'tis a Quarrel of a long ſtanding, let it ſleep. You jeſt, ſaid *Pomponius*, you are hardly twenty, and you have Quarrels of a long ſtanding? I don't jeſt,

ſaid *Piſo*, *Egnatius* anſwered, I know not what you mean. I refer my ſelf to the Company, pray now, explain the whole Matter to them, and let them be Judges. I muſt for my own ſake praiſe your Prudence, ſaid *Piſo*, in that when you was relating your Hiſtory and came to ſpeak of the Death of *Germanicus*, you ſpared the Memory of my Uncle; but you was engaged in a Party which ruined my Family. This is the Cauſe of my Anger. I love Sincerity, ſaid *Priſcus*, and chiefly in young Men. *Egnatius* was not one of thoſe that accus'd your Uncle. Would you impute to him as a Crime, his ſtedfaſt Affection to a Prince, who was not only the Hope and Darling of the *Romans*, but the Admiration of the whole World! A Prince who heaped Honours upon him, and repoſed an entire Confidence in him! Your good Senſe will not allow you, to be angry with a Man who had no Hand in the Ruin of your Family, and who was, in Gratitude, obliged to pay all poſſible Reſpect to the Memory of *Germanicus*. Since the ſame Deſtiny brings you again together to day, I intreat it as a Favour in the Name of the Company, that you would lay aſide all Manner of Anger, and live together in Peace and Unity. Embrace one another, and let your Friendſhip laſte as long as your Life. *Piſo* yielded, who took *Egnatius* by

he Hand, and ſacrificed his private Piques o the Good of the Society.

For my Part, ſaid *Celer*, there is nothing n all my Hiſtory worth hearing, unleſs, erhaps, what happened to me at *Naples*. As I was coming from the publick *Baths*, a- out ſeven a Clock in the Evening in the Month of *September*, I was hurried away by ix Men in Maſques, who threw my Saſh ver my Eyes, clapt me into a Chariot, and fter driving about for ſome Time, ſet me own in a Houſe, which certainly was a *Place of Witchcraft*. When my Saſh was aken from my Eyes, I ſaw ſeveral ill-bod- ng Inſtruments: There was Tripods, Ba- ons, Cauldrons, Knives, Hatchets, ſeveral monſtrous Statues, and ſome Books that lay pon a Shelf. I employ'd the little Liber- y I was allowed, in peruſing them, and ound moſt horrible Things in them. One contained all the barbarous Ceremonies, which are to be obſerved, in the Foretel- ing of Futurity by inſpecting into human Entrails; after I had gone through that, I it upon a Book, intituled, *A Treatiſe of Supernatural Love*. What I remember of t, is this: There are two Sorts of Love- Phylters; the firſt which is properly called Phylter, touches the Perſons; the other which is called Inchantment does not touch them. The Phylter which touches the Per- ſon, enters into the Body, or does not. If

it is to enter, it is compos'd of Herbs and other Things. Theſe are generally uſed. Take a Pound or a Handful of Vervaine, bruiſe it in a Marble Mortar, on the Day which is conſecrated to *Venus*: Put the Juice of it, into the Broth of the Perſon whoſe Paſſion you have a mind to excite. When ſhe has eat it, go to her and entertain her with ſome merry Talk; you'll find the Effects of your Phylter. Otherwiſe, Take an equal Quantity of Mothwort, Fennel, and Organy with ſome Sparrows Feathers, burn them to Aſhes upon an earthen Platter, let theſe Aſhes be put into the Broth or any other Food of the Perſons, by whom you wiſh to be loved, and you will admire the Effects of your Phylter. Another. Take any Thing that has belonged to the Perſon whom you love, ſteep it in Water or Wine, wherein you have dropt ſeventeen or nineteen of your Tears, but, above all, be careful to obſerve the odd Number: This Potion is attended with wonderful Effects, and is a ſoveraign Remedy againſt the Cholick. If the Phylter is not to enter the Body, it may be made up after this Manner: Waſh your Hands in Vervaine-Water, and before they are dry, touch the Skin of the Perſon by whom you wiſh to be loved: Or, preſent her with a Necklace or a Ribbon which you ſhall have carried about you for three Fridays ſucceſſively.

Other-

Otherwise, Take a Turtle Dove, pluck it and pound it in a Mortar to Pap. Make a Pomatum of it with Virgin Oil, or any other pomatical Fat, and make a Present of this Pomatum to the beloved Object. Here are two of the easiest Inchantments. You must get some Hairs, Thread, or Silk from your Mistress, and mix what you get with twice the Quantity of Hair, Thread or Silk of different Colours, make a Bracelet of these with Packthread, for the beloved Object, and at every Knot, repeat these Words, *Veneris Vincula necto*, with an intention to kindle Love in the Breast of the Person, with whom you desire to be accepted, and this is infallible: You may also make a Ring and bind it round with *Moss*, whilst you repeat three Times, the Name of the Person whom you love.

I never studied Magick, said *Piso*, yet I am acquainted with better and more efficacious Secrets, than these you have mentioned. Here is one both easy and infallible. You must excuse me, if I talk bombastically. I am afraid I shall offend the nice Ears of *Priscus*, but I'll wrap up, what I have to say, in the cleanest Linnen I can. The Juice and Quintessence of those Products which are consecrated to *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, philtred in a well complexioned Body, and emitted through that Canal which is made use of to deck the God of

Gar-

Gardens, into that Recipient, where Kings and Shepherds are formed, ſurpaſſes all other Phyltdis, becauſe you enjoy the wiſh'd-for Pleaſure, in the Compoſition of it.

Your Secret is indeed a very excellent one, ſaid *Celia*, and probably had I gone on with my Book, I ſhould have found it there; But I was obliged to break off, for the moſt troubleſome Men in the World. Four ſwinging Devils, whom you would have taken for *Pluto*'s Life-Guard Men, laid hold on me, and undreſs'd me in a very rude Manner, not conſidering that the Nights were ſomething cold. After they had ſtrip'd me ſtark naked, there came in a crooked toothleſs old Beldam, leaning upon a Crutch, near as old as her ſelf, beſides, ſhe had three Rows of Spectacles upon her Noſe which made a very pretty Figure. Being bound Hands and Feet, naturally ſpeaking, my Condition ought to have made me very cold and full of Fear, yet I could not forbear laughing, when ſhe began to handle *Cupid*'s Arrow. After all, as good Luck would have it for me, ſhe found that the ſecond Toe of my left Foot was crooked; Ah, ſaid ſhe coughing, 'tis ten thouſand Pities he has this Defect; he is not fit for our Purpoſe, ſo, ſend him away! My Valets de Chambre dreſs'd me almoſt in as ſhort a Time, as they had ſtrip'd me, with this Piece of Civilty, that

they

hey shar'd my Cloaths with me, and
ept my Money least it should be stolen
rom me. They set me down with the same
eremonies they had carried me off, and at
he same Place. I found my self at the
Bath, just ready to go into it. I was half
aked and almost starved to Death. I re-
ated my Story to my Acquaintance, who
ll thought me very happy to have got
lear so easily, and told me that I was very
uch obliged to my Enemy, for saving me
om the most cruel Torments, since cer-
ainly I was doom'd to be immolated to
he God of Hell.

I have heard you tell this Story several
imes, said *Pomponius*, but I must own I can
ardly believe it; sincerely, what could
luto do with you? I believe he has much
aintier Bits. You are as lean as a Rake,
et you can imagine, that *Proserpine* would
t down to you; *Credat Iudæus Apella, non*
go. If they had a mind to give a Feast
o Hell, they should pick out some of these
adies, who are going to swear before the
Prætor. That Game would be worth their
hile. But one must have the Devil of a
tomach to make a Meal of you.

CA. H. P.

CHAP. XI.

The History of PRISCUS.

I Believe, said *Prisus*, that *Celer* has told nothing but the Truth. I had such a sort of an Adventure, wherein *Cupid* had greater Share than the Devil. How, said *Piso*, you have had your Intrigues too, it seems. My dear *Prisus*, I long to hear you relate your Story; I shall be over-joy'd to hear from you, that Men of the greatest Wisdom, sometimes sacrifice to *Venus*. Young Man, said *Priscus*, you are warm: I have let you spend your Fire, but hear my Story before you draw any Inference from it. Destiny threw several Times in my way, before I was married, one of the most beautiful of our *Roman* Women. We met at the Temple, in walking, or at *Augustus*'s. She was perswaded that Love made me follow her from Place to Place, and that she had me fast in her Chains. She was tender-hearted, and shown me many Marks of Kindness, to alleviate the Pangs she thought I endured. I returned her Courtesies, yet with some Indifference, which she thought proceeded from Bashfulness, and interpreted my Coldness as Re-

spect

pect: So ingenious are the Sex in deceiving themselves in this Point. She was courted for Marriage and rejected several very good Matches, letting me know privately, that she forewent all the Wealth and Grandure of *Rome* for me, that she permitted me to make my Addresses, that I had languished long enough for her, and she would not hold out any longer: This Discourse both pleas'd and surpris'd me. Our Births is true were equal, but then she was vastly richer than I. I thanked her Messenger and asked eight Days to consider of her Offers. I communicated it to my Father who was alive at that Time. He called me Child, I was then but twenty two Years of Age. My Mother harkened to what I said, more favourably, and even join'd in it very willingly. But my Father who had for a long Time been at Variance with the Father of the Lady, would never consent to it; so that I was obliged to thank her for her kind Intentions. My Excuses would not take with her, and she imagined that I despis'd her; yet she yielded to the Instances of her Relations and married a very accomplished young Nobleman. I was invited to the Wedding and came the Day after the Ceremony; we went to *Fundi*, where the new Bridegroom would consummate his Marriage, but all his Endeavours were vain and impotent. He thought that by sacrificing

to

to *Priapus*, he might gain requiſite ſtrengt
and was ſo good-natur'd as to let us in
his Misfortune, and propos'd the Sacrifi
to us: I, whoſe Religion does not go bey
my Reaſon, laughed both at the Diſtemp
and the Cure; yet I made one of the Com
pany, and we went together to the Garde
of *Scaurus*, where there is an Altar dedica
ed to *Priapus*. We ſent for the Prieſte
who ſacrificed a Goat, a Ram, a Hog an
a Lamb, with the uſual Ceremonies. Whil
he was making the Libations with th
Blood of theſe Beaſts, a Choir of Muſick me
lodiouſly perform'd the Hymn of *Priap*
which all the World knows. Except me ou
of the Number, if you pleaſe, ſaid *Piſo*,
far from knowing it, that I never hear
it ſung; you'll oblige me in repeating i
With all my Heart, anſwered *Priſcus*; Th
Muſicians ſpeak in the Name of the Petit
oner, and ſing thus;

"Eternal Friend to *Bacchus*, thou wh
"oweſt thy Birth to beauteous *Venus*, Deit
"whom the *Libyan* People adore in the Cl
"mate of dawning *Aurora*; Deity rever
"by Male and Female Virgins, and Devo
"tees of either Sex; Protector of Gardens
"Deity beloved by the *Naiades*, *Hamadry*
"*des* and *Dryades*: Vouchſafe to give m
"ſpeedy Aid. Hear my Prayer, and length
"en my Days. I am not ſtained with th
"Blood of *Homicide*: I have not impiouſly

"demoliſhed

" demoliſhed Altars, nor violated Places ſa-
" cred to the immortal Gods. I appear be-
" fore you, an impotent Wretch, deſtitute
" of Vigour and thoſe noble Treaſures which
" inrich your Body. Alas! mine has per-
" petrated only half the Crime: If thro'
" Weakneſs, it could not immolate the
" Victim, it has not compleated the Sin.
" The Offence is leſſened, when commit-
" ted through Indigence, then O *Priapus*,
" I cry Quarter, forgive my Treſpaſs and
" invigorate me."

When the Hymn was over, the Prieſteſs waſh'd the Hands of the Paralitick in the Blood of the immolated Animals; after that, he gave him a Cup fill'd with the ſame Blood, and to each of us, one fill'd with Wine, and ordered us to follow her. We walked three Times round the Garden, whilſt the Muſicians ſung ſeveral Odes in honour of *Priapus* and the *Loves*: Then we went up again to the Altar and poured our Wine upon it: Thus ended the Ceremony. We conducted our Patient, who now thought himſelf, as ſtrong as *Hercules*; but the Gods were ſo averſe to him, that it was beyond his Power to enjoy the ſweet Pleaſures of Marriage. He propoſed to his new Spouſe, to make a Vow to *Diana* of perpetual Chaſtity. This Propoſal confirm'd her in her Diſguſt againſt a Huſband who was not very much in her good Graces. She

thought she might try elsewhere, and be
ing young, handsome and rich, she ha
Gallants without Number; but I don
know how, a Whim came into her Hea
to make me her Captive. In order to this,
had Presents and Letters from her, an
very courteous Receptions. She intruste
me with her most secret Thoughts. I eve
comforted her in the Disgust she had co
ceived against her unfortunate Husban
She often told me, how happy she shou
have been, to have pass'd her Days wit
me; and bitterly lamented that sad Su
jection, under which Children lay, th
they cannot marry decently, without t
Consent of their Parents. At last, s
went so far as to present me with her P
ture, but all her Confidences, Prese
and Courtesies, could not make me offe
against my Duty. One Day, she surpri
me sleeping on the Turf, at the End of o
of the Walks in *Mæcenas*'s Garden. She
wakened me in the most tender Manner
the World, but my Rage rose at her Care
and in the Heat of a Surprize, which h
very near sacrificed me to her Desires,
let fall some Words which nettled her
the Quick. She resolved to be reveng
and set some of her Stallions upon be
even with me. I was surpriz'd, to be h
ried away in *Rome*, by a Gang of unkno
Bravoes, who carried me in a cover'd C
n

riot to an unknown Houſe, where ſome People in Maſques undreſs'd me. A Painter, who was ready prepared, drew me in all the ſeveral Poſtures imaginable. After this Ceremony, they tied me down with Silk Cords upon a Bed of Purple, embroidered with Gold. About Midnight, I was offered my Liberty, if I would comply with the Deſires of a Lady who had a Kindneſs for me. Upon my Refuſal, they undreſs'd me again, and put me into a dark Room, where there was no Light, but a little Lamp, which yielded juſt enough to let me ſee, that I was immur'd between four Walls, which were dyed with Black. They gave me a Pitcher of Water and a Loaf, and left me to my ſelf, as near as I could gueſs, for three Days; when a Man in a moſt frightful Dreſs, came to give me Notice to prepare for Death, for that I had but three Days to live. He left me ſome Bread and Water to keep me till that Time; but he uſed to come every now and then, to tell me, to think of dying. I have already told you that I was ſtark-naked, and I proteſt to you that the very Sight of this troubleſome Fellow, was ſuch a Torment to me, that I would have dyed with ſome Pleaſure to have been rid of his diſmal Viſits. At the End of the three Days, ſeven Women came into my Room, weeping and ſaying in a mournful Tone, *he is dead*, which they re-

peated so often, that I almost began t
think it was so. During their lugubrou
Symphony, for all I could do, they wrap
ped me up in Linnen and Swathbands
which you know, is the Manner of bury
ing the *Jews*. I defended my self, and
assured them, that I was still alive; but i
signified nothing, I could not get clear o
them. After they had dress'd me up, the
put me between three Boards, which made
a Sort of a Coffin, long enough indeed, bu
so narrow that I could not turn my self about
By good Luck, my Face was uncovered.
had not lain long in this State, before six Me
Masqued, came into my Room, with every
one a lighted Flambeau of black Wa
They bound the Coffin, wherein I was im
prisoned, several Times round, with Cords
and carried me to an old half-ruined Tomb
They put me into this Mansion of Death
with all the Jewish Ceremonies, and le
me there, for all my eloquent Intreaties
Happily, the Tomb was near the high Way
and I cried out to that Degree, that some
Travellers came to my Assistance. They
were very much surpriz'd to hear a dead
Man speak: But I put them in Heart, by
protesting to them that I was as much alive
as any of themselves; then they cut my
Swathbands and set me at Liberty. I
reach'd home by the second Hour of Night.
Helvidius who had been full of Anxiety,

not

ot knowing what was become of me, was ſtoniſhed at my Dreſs, and deſirous to now what had happened to me. I defer-ed it till another Time, begging of him, o get a Fire made, to warm me, and ſome-ing to eat. I was ſometime before I re-overed my Strength, and had an Ague pon me for ſeven Months. *Surius* cured e of it, by applying to my left Wriſt for e Space of four and twenty Hours, ſome og-Graſs Root, pounded in a Mortar with alt, Pepper and Vinegar. I did not know o whom I was obliged for this Favour: fter ſo long an Abſence, I repair'd to ourt, where I met the Party I ſpoke to ou of. She no ſooner ſaw me, but ſhe ll into a Swoon, which laſted three Quar-rs of an Hour. I very willingly ran to er Aſſiſtance, and ſcarce was ſhe come to er ſelf, but ſhe aſk'd me, if I was really ving. This brought back to my Mind hat had happened; and I preſs'd her ſo gently, that at length ſhe confeſſed it as one of her Tricks. Well, *Piſo*, what o you think of this Hiſtory? Think, re-ied *Piſo*, why, that it is very entertain-g. I ſhould have been ſtrangely puzzled ad I been in your Place. I cannot pity ou; you had but what you deſerved: A ady to condeſcend to court you! you ght to have diſmiſs'd your Philoſophy, nd have uſed her more like a Gentlewo-

man. I don't know, but the Gods, t
puniſh you, have cauſed you to conceiv
an Affection for a Lady who has ſlighte
your Deſires. But I know that nothin
happens ſo ſeldom as an Opportunity
therefore it ſhould be made uſe of. *Ven*
is pleaſed when her Favours are ſtolen
but when ſhe goes ſo far as to prevent, non
but a *Priſcus* would ſlight her Kindne
Priſcus anſwered, every Man ſpeaks accord
ing to his own Mind: I never have repen
ed of moderating my Paſſions.

CHAP. XII.

The Voyage continued. A Hunting-Matc
Pomponius *relates a Paſſage of t*
Life of Agrippina; *and an Adve*
ture of his Own.

SOON after *Priſcus* had concluded h
Hiſtory, the Company was told th
Dinner was ready. They ſat down at T
ble, to a Soup of Muſcles, after whi
came a Pig which had been ſteep'd
Brandy for four and twenty Hours befo
it was laid down to the Fire; this was a
companied with Hams, Sauſſages, Cerv
las's and other Ship Proviſions. *Celer* mad
a Memorandum that among other o
Diſh

Diſhes, the Sallet of Coral was ſerved up. They made themſelves merry at Dinner with the Hiſtories of *Priſcus*, *Celer*, and *Egnatius*. The next Day, they went amongſt the Crew to take the Pleaſure of Sailing. Hitherto they had a very fair Wind and fine Weather; but on the third Day, they were becalmed for two Days, during which, the *Romans* went a-ſhore in the Boat a Hunting to refreſh themſelves of the Fatigues of the Sea. *Piſo* who had loſt the Company met with no Sport, and ſeeing the Day begin to fail, he bought a few *Woodcocks*, which ſome Country-Fellows had taken in Nets. He pierc'd them with his Arrows and brought them back, as if he had Shot them. But unluckily for him they found that their Heads were bruiſed, then they complimented him upon his Dexterity. The reſt of the Company had killed a great deal of Game, which they carried a-Board, and the Wind being come about fair, they purſu'd their Voyage.

The Company engaged *Pomponius* to relate his Hiſtory, but he forbore to mention any Thing of *Octavia* or the Princeſs of *Tyre*. He Talked to them of more ſerious Matters, and let them into a Paſſage of *Agrippina*'s Life, which they had never heard of. 'Twas the Affair of *Capito*: This Nobleman had given himſelf up to *Sejanus*, who made uſe of him to work himſelf

ſelf into Favour, with *Agrippina*. He pretended, as he was directed, to be Soul and Body in her Intereſt, and made her believe ſo. When, ſaid he to me, I had won her Confidence, I let *Sejanus* know it, who ſecretly enjoyn'd me, to perſuade that Lady, that her real Intereſt lay in having an Eſteem for him. I inſinuated my Propoſal in the moſt delicate Manner, and gilded the Pill: Yet this only incenſed her. D'ye think, ſaid ſhe, that I can look with an Eye of Favour upon my Huſband's Murtherer? who not ſatisfied with having ruin'd my Family, is daily raiſing Diſturbances againſt me at Court, and I firmly believe, that whatſoever hatred *Tiberius* bears me, I could eaſily reconcile my ſelf, did not *Sejanus* ſpur him on to my Deſtruction. Can you imagine, that though this Miniſter ſhould amply make amends for all the Evil he has done me, I ſay, can you imagine that *Tiberius* would ſee me married a ſecond Time? You are unacquainted with the Emperor's Temper. I cannot explain my ſelf farther. But if *Sejanus* has a Mind to throw himſelf out of Favour, let him but propoſe this to *Tiberius* and I warant him he'll be diſgrac'd. The cunning Prince would ſuſpect that his Miniſter aimed at his Throne, by marrying into the Family of *Auguſtus*; then ſqueezing me by the Hand, ſhe ſaid,

Capito,

apito, *Sejanus*'s ambitious View will re-enge me of him, without beſtirring my elf. He has to do with a Prince who is harp ſighted in his Intereſts. When he hall once begin to ſuſpect his Fidelity, the alſe Luſtre of his Favour will vaniſh, and is Head muſt anſwer for all the unjuſt teps of his Adminiſtration. He loves *Li-ia*, and ſhe does not hate him, then why hould he think upon me? Then ſhe told he, never more to mention a Man, whom he ſhould always abhor, if I was willing o continue in her Favour. This being no greeable Anſwer to bring *Sejanus*, I ab-nted my ſelf from Court for ſome Time; ut at length, I was overcome by my In-inations, to go there. *Sejanus* did not il to aſk me, what I had done, and if I ad met with Succeſs. I replied that it as a nice Buſineſs and required Time, but told him this with ſomething of an Air, hich let him know, there was nothing to e done. He commended my Diſcretion, nd brought me to own, that I had la-oured in vain: But he flew into ſuch a aſſion as amazed me, and ſo much the ore, becauſe this Miniſter was a very reat Maſter of his Paſſions. He vow'd efore me the Ruin of that unhappy Prin-ſs, and ordered me to be at Dinner-time e next Day at *Tiberius*'s. This Order rpriz'd me, and I aſked him, Whether I could

could be of Service to him? No, ſaid he but you ſhall ſee that I am not the only one ſhe ſlights, and that ſhe does not u the Emperor, better than ſhe does me. I reality, I was there, and ſaw her refuſ to eat ſome Fruit which *Tiberius* offered her; and I heard *Tiberius* ſay to *Julia*, th *Agrippina* took him for a Poiſoner. I hear ſoon after that *Sejanus* had bribed ſome the Domeſticks of this Princeſs, to for warn her not to taſte the Fruits, the Em peror ſhould offer to her, becauſe they wer to be poiſoned; and on the other Hand, h had told *Tiberius*, that he had often ob ſerved that *Agrippina* refuſed to eat th Fruits, he offered to her, that it was a parent that ſhe ſuſpected him. Thus di this Villain lay the Snare, which caugh the unhappy *Agrippina*.

The more I reflect on the cruel Effect of Jealouſy and Ambition, and the ſecre Springs, by which this vaſt Comedy call the World, is acted, the more am I ſur priz'd how it can ſubſiſt. There is nothin in it but Deceit, Knavery, Treachery, an Perfidiouſneſs. I had an Amour at Cou which ought to have been concealed, an the *Abigail* of the Lady whom I gallante was the only one that knew of it. I don know whether ſhe was of the ſame Stamp *Sejanus*, but ſhe play'd me a confounded ſl Trick. She acquainted the Lady's Huſban

wit

with the uſual Hour, when I viſited his Spouſe. He made as if he went out at that very Hour. I was introduced by the Back-Stairs, but was hardly got into the Room, when we heard the Huſband coming up. The Maid removed a Picture, of The Judgement of *Paris*, which ſtood before the Chimney, it being Summer Time, I got into the Chimney and ſtood behind the Picture. In comes the Huſband and aſks his Wife what ſhe was doing. She anſwered, I am eating of Oranges: He took and eat a Couple of them walking to and fro rolling his Eyes about, but could not find what he ſought. When he had eat his Oranges, he lowered the Picture a little, to throw the Peel into the Chimney; upon this the Maid immediately cried out, Oh, Sir, don't do ſo; I juſt now ſwept the Room! Put your Orange-Peel in my Apron. Luckily, for me, he did ſo. You may gueſs, whether the Maid required to be rewarded for ſo important a Service. I was too haſty in my Generoſity; for the very Day following, the Huſband aſk'd me, if it was true, that I went every Evening at five a-Clock to his Houſe, as ſuch a one, naming the Maid, had informed him. He deſired me to let him know it that he might be at home, and we might enjoy one another's Company. I anſwered him, that I never ſet my Foot within his Doors, but

that

that ſince he was pleaſed to invite me i
ſo courteous a Manner. I could not refu
his Civility, and that the next Day
would without fail, do my ſelf the Ho
nour, and wait on him at five a-Cloc
He received me very handſomely. W
play'd at Cheſs together, eat ſome ſwe
Meats, and I took my Leave, witho
having ſeen his Lady all the Time. Ve
ry well, ſaid *Piſo*, you are in the Righ
you would not have been willing that h
ſhould have been a Witneſs to his ow
Cuckoldom? *Priſcus*, I always harp upo
your Hiſtory; it has pleaſed me wonde
fully, but there are ſome Difficulties i
it, which, I deſire, you would clear u
Thoſe Ladies who were your Chambe
Maids and wrapped you up, did not the
take away your Ring? Did not they wi
that the Earth might lie light? Did n
they give you freſh Water? By *Caſtor*, wha
a Figure you would have made, had an
Paſſengers ſeized your Body, under pr
tence of Debt. Young Gentleman, ſai
Priſcus, pray relate your own Hiſtory.

CHA

CHAP. XIII.

The Hiſtory of Piſo. *A Reflection of* Celer. *A Storm.* Ichryophagia *deſcribed.*

I Don't know where to begin, anſwered *Piſo*; I have already told you too much to be exempted, and though you would ſpare me, I don t know whether *Celer* will forgive my having been ſo merry upon his Devils. But ſince there is no getting off, I'll relate to you, as gravely as I can, a Series of Follies which don't deſerve to be heard, but which you oblige me to tell that you may laugh at me.

I was a meer Good-for-nothing Fellow from my Cradle: My Preceptors were Men thoroughly verſed in Hiſtory and Mythology, and ſo careful of my Education, that they always made me obſerve with the utmoſt Attention, whatever I met with in my Studies, which was, as they told me, to model my Self, according to thoſe Great Men, whoſe Lives I read: Being reaſonable Perſons, they allowed me a decent Liberty in the Choice of my Pleaſures, becauſe they were deſirous to ſee the Bent of my Inclinations.

I acted up to the *Roman*. Finding nothin
ſuperior to me, I determined to imita
Jupiter. I uſed ſome Freedoms with m
Siſter, but the Rod made me leave the
off. It availed nothing, to ſay, that I im
tated *Jupiter*; it was thought fit to put
ſtop to my Career. I loved every whe
Wives, Maids, Slaves, *&c.* nothing ca
amiſs. Among other glorious Actions,
ſtole away young *Veturius*; but Heav'n
ly knows, how I was flogged for this
cond Imitation of *Jupiter*. I began
have but an indifferent Opinion, of th
Deities, whom I was not to imitate.
aſked my Preceptors for an Example; th
propoſed *Julius Cæſar*. As I had no Mi
to carry Arms, I reſolved to imitate h
as far as my Inclinations led me. I h
read what he did in *Bithynia*, and thou
I might do the like. But I was too m
rowly watch'd to come off clear; I w
again ſoundly whip'd: So finding that
imitate the Heroes or Gods coſt me al
I determind to live according to my Fan
I loved and was beloved. One Day, ſe
or eight young Sparks like my ſelf, were
verting ourſelves at *Annulinus*'s with
Children; and I ſhall never forget it, wh
we were playing the *Roman*, behind
Hangings, that blockhead *Meſſala*, brou
a Torch to light us. Another time, *Petr*
was puniſhed upon his Account, for hav

carre

carreſs'd *Meſſalina*'s little Bitch too much. *Meſſalina*, you all know, is a pretty Woman: Her Favour had very near coſt me my Life. She made me a Preſent of her Muff, and I tied it to the Bolſter of my Bed. *Rufus* came to ſee me. He readily knew it, having given it to her. I'll lay a Wager, ſaid he, that's one of *Meſſalina*'s Favours? Are you well with her? Have you no Rival? How long have you been acquainted? Where do you meet one another? Theſe Queſtions gave me to ſuſpect that ſhe was not indifferent to him, and I told him ſo. He imagined that *Meſſalina* had told me every Thing; and as he could neither deny, nor own, without Confuſion, what he had done for her, he bid me draw and diſpute that charming Woman with him, at the Point of his Sword. I was as ready as himſelf. We fought for half an Hour, without any Advantage; at laſt he wounded me in the right Arm; he made a ſecond Puſh and hit me in the Thigh; but as he was recovering himſelf, I ran him through the Body. My Chamber was the Scene of all this Action. The Slaves hearing the Claſh of Swords, ran to help, but we had barricaded the Door: At length, they broke it open, and found us in this Condition; he upon the Floor with one Wound, and diſarmed, for he had delivered up his Sword to me; and I lying

upon my Bed, with two Wounds, which bled very fast. We were immediately dress'd, and to add to our Anguish, were left in the same Room; but when he was a little recovered, he removed himself: He had almost died of his Wound; and I was brought so low by the great Loss of Blood that it was six Months before I was able to oblige *Messalina*. This is, beyond Dispute, the finest Action of my whole Life, and here I'll stop. Perhaps, *Priscus*, would not be pleased to hear my Amours. I observed that he changed Colour five or six Times at the Beginning of my History. What are you musing upon *Celer*? You are in a brown Study; Are you Apprehensive of being served up for a Breakfast to *Pluto*?

My Thoughts are more seriously employed, said *Celer*; I have made a Reflection upon the Histories you have related which may be of Use to you. Men very seldom talk of what they know best, and what relates to their own Condition. I have observed a hundred Times that our Priests discourse of War and Trade; Our Officers talk of nothing but the Ceremonies of different Religions; Pedants set up for Statesmen, and Courtiers turn Pedants. Very near the same Thing has happened in our Conversations. *Priscus*, who lays claim to Wisdom, has entertained us with amorous Intrigues. You who are only vers'd in the Philoso-

phy

phy of *Cupid*, have told us of Arms and Bloodſhed. *Pomponius* who has had very good Fortune, has let us into the Secrets of the Prince; and I who am none of the melancholieſt have been talking of Devils. This is Wiſdom very ill-timed, ſaid *Piſo*, I believe you'll grow mad with your Reflections. That Madneſs is very agreeable, ſaid *Egnatius*, which proceeds from an Overflowing of Wiſdom. *Celer* thinks very juſtly, but he does not explain himſelf enough. Forbear Explications, we are very well ſatisfied with the Text, ſaid *Piſo*, or if you will philoſophize, you may tell your ſtories to *Priſcus* and *Celer*; for me, I'll go and play a Game at Cheſs with *Pomponius*. How warm you are, ſaid *Priſcus*: Will you never grow wiſe! will you never reflect upon your ſelf! I pity you; if Diſtreſs can't ſettle your Judgement, you have a great deal to ſuffer; but you'll be convinced when your Reaſon comes to Maturity, that you have brought all theſe Misfortunes on your ſelf. You are young, ſince then, the ſame Fortune has brought us together here, ſtudy us and regulate your Conduct by ours. Agreed, ſaid *Piſo*, but upon theſe Three Conditions; Firſt, that you ſhall never ſide againſt me. Secondly, which is but a Conſequence of the firſt, that you ſhall commend me in every Thing, I ſhall ſay or do; and Thirdly,

which again is but a Conſequence of th
ſecond, that ſay or do what I will, I ſhall
always be in the Right. You are waggiſh
ſaid *Priſcus*.

During this Diſcourſe, the Sea ſwelled
and the Day was darkened by thick Cloud
which overſpread the Sky; all Hands im-
mediately ran to work the Tackling. The
Sails were all lowered, and the *Romans* had
Notice given them of the Danger. Seve-
ral repeated Guſts of Wind drove the Pi-
lot out of his Courſe, and carried away th
Ship with prodigious Rapidity. It was ſo
dark the Pilot could not ſee the Ship's Head
and the Wind varied ſo, that he could no
tell where the Storm drove him. The Ai
was full of the Fire and Noiſe of Thunde
and Lightning, and the Waves heaving th
Ship up to the very Clouds, ſunk it dow
to the loweſt Depths; and Toſſing it to an
fro, ſported with it for three Days. The
the Tempeſt ceas'd, but the Ship had lo
its Maſt and Rudder, and was ſo leaky
that it was at the Point of ſinking to th
Bottom, when the Crew made Land, an
every Body got a-ſhore by the Help o
the Boat.

Our *Romans* were ſurpriz'd not knowin
where they were. They went up th
Country, to inform themſelves of the Nam
Princes, and Cuſtoms of the Nation. The
were told, that its Name was *Ichthyophagi*
tha

that every Town had its King; that formerly they conſiſted of Men and Women, but now the Women lived ſeparately from the Men; that they governed in their Territories, as other Men did in theirs. That there were more Kinds of Female-*Ichtyophagians*, than Male-Ones. That all the Females were ugly, lame, cronked, without an Eye, or maimed in ſome Limb; that a Woman of Wit and Beauty was ſcarce to be found among them; that indeed there were ſome, but they ſuffered exceedingly from the others. That their Government was generally ſubordinate to the Males, tho' there was a Country where the Power was in Female-Hands; that though they could not live in Peace one with another, they ſeemed to be polite, civil, modeſt, courteous, beneficent, and very good-humoured. As to the *Ichtyophagian*-Men; that every thirty ſix Moons (for there they don't reckon by the Months, Years or Days, but Lunarily) all their Kings aſſembled, when every Tribe elected a Sort of a Sovereign over it. Some *Ichtyophagians* are black and white, ſome are all black, others all white, others brown, ſome are grey, ſome of a ſmoaky Yellow, and ſome of different Colours: All theſe live independantly one of another, the grey excepted, who live upon the Common. The *Ichtyophagians* are Animals which are a Sort

of

of reaſonable Men. There are an infinite many Brutes to be found among them, but again, you may meet with ſome as ſharp-witted as the beſt *Carthaginian* of them all. Some are all Belly; others have Qualities which indear them to the Fair Sex; ſome have only a Mouth and Ears; others only hear and never ſpeak; ſome hear nothing and are continually Singing; others never go out of their Tent, and ſome are ſeldom ſeen in it. They viſit without knowing one another; they live together without loving one another, and dye without Mourning for one another. Some are only clad in Fox-ſkins, others in Wolf-ſkins: But when this Skin fails them in any Place, they immediatly patch it with Pieces of Fox-ſkin. Good Paper, well-made Pens and indelible Ink, are their offenſive and defenſive Arms. They don't believe in a God; nor the Immortality of the Soul. They think every Thing lawful, and that Shame only is prohibited. They adore their Kings; and as theſe Dignities are elective, they are ſued for, with the greateſt Earneſtneſs and Cunning. They eat and drink in common, and very well. The greateſt Part feed only upon Fiſh, others eat whatever is offered to them. They all drink Wine, and cannot be perſuaded to abſtain from it, but when they are out of their Wits; then they go to a particular

Park

Park where they drink only Water, and lye in a pleasing Madness.

At length our *Romans* reach'd *Ignatianople*, the first Town along the Shore. As soon as they had entered the Town, two *Ichtyophagians* came to them, from the King, to salute them, and invite them to Court. They found it a very numerous and polite One: His Majesty received them with Marks of Esteem. He was an *Ichtyophagian* of Sense and great Probity, which is a Rarity in this Country. His Behaviour was very courteous and humane. He admitted these Strangers to sit down at his own Table, and showed them so much Kindness, as obliged them to make a Stay at his Court, where they pass'd some Moons in all the Pleasures imaginable. They were mostly taken with the Policy of the Country; for the greatest Part of the *Ichtyophagians* of *Ignatianople* are born Ministers of State and throughly vers'd in the Laws of all Nations.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

A Voyage to the Moon. *The Magazine of Maidenheads. The History of* Piso's *Maidenhead.*

THE *Romans* having taken their Leave of the King of *Ignatianoyle*, went to several other Towns in *Ichtyophagia*, where they met with a very handsome Reception. Their Expences were defray'd wherever they came, and the same Honours were paid to them as to the Prince. While they were at *Petraal*, they heard that the Fleet was to Sail at Full Moon. They thought this a favourable Opportunity to proceed in their Voyage; and, as they designed to lay hold of it, they desired to be conducted to the Fleet. They were led up to the Top of a high Mountain which overlook'd a vast Extent of Ground. They saw seven and twenty Line of Battle-Ships upon the Mountain very uncommonly rigg'd. Instead of Oars, they were all over Wings and all Sorts of Sails. They ask'd for what Use those Ships were, and were told, that they were bound for the Moon, and only waited for a Wind. *Piso* fell a laughing at

t this, thinking it an Extravagancy; but *Pomponius* judged otherwiſe, and deſired he Sailors to inform him, how they made his Voyage. Sir, ſaid a Sailor, every Year for two Moons together it blows very hard here, and the Ships you ſee, make uſe of theſe Winds to ſail up to the Moon. Experience, Induſtry, and Intereſt have taught this Tackling. The People of this Country traffick with the Inhabitants of the Moon. How, ſaid *Pomponius*, is the Moon inhabited? Yes, Sir, replied the Sailor, 'tis a Country like this, there are Men, Women, Towns, and Rivers juſt as here. But, ſaid *Pomponius*, it is not only to go thither, pray, how do you get back again? Sir, ſaid the Sailor, when thoſe two windy Moons are over, other gentle Winds riſe, which carry us from the Moon hither.

Our *Romans* agreed to make the Voyage, and imbarked with above two thouſand People who were trading to the Moon. The Winds were ſo high that in an Hour's Sailed they loſt ſight of Land; and continuing Soaring up the Air; after four Days they diſcovered two Moons, one above them, and the other beneath them. They aſk'd the Pilot to which of the Moons he ſteered? That's merry enough, ſaid he; don't you perceive that what you take for a Moon beneath us, is the Earth we have left, which is the Moon of the Earth we are bound

bound for. This Inſtruction made them a little more reſerv'd in aſking Queſtion The ſeventh Day the Moon appeared t them as a World and an Earth. Th eighth Day they landed and went to *Me ſala* a pleaſant little Country. When, *Pi* heard the Name of the Place, he enquire after *Meſſalina*, but no Body could te him, and he heard nothing of her till eig Days after.

Our Travellers having refreſh'd them ſelves, and being deſirous to ſee the Cou try, went to *Paſſidaine* where they too Shipping at the Sea of *Serenity*, and saile for *Menelas*, where they ſtaid ſome Time *Pomponius* ſaw there a handſome *Lunaria* Woman, who ſtruck him ſo that he becam her Slave, and begged of her to permi him to wear her Chains; The Lady pleas with her Conqueſt conſented. *Piſo*, hav ing alſo commenced an Amour, they en gaged the Company to paſs ſome Time *Menelas*, and inform themſelves partic larly where they might ſettle in the Cou try, and not wander from Place to Place Among other Particularities they hear there was a Valley, where every Thin which had been loſt on Earth, was to b found again. That this Valley was ſitua ted between *Dionyſius* and *Circillus*; from thence Coaſting along the Sea of *Nectar* they would paſs by *Fracaſtor* and ſo to

Snellius;

Snellius; that the Journey was long and difficult, it being a mountainous Country, but that all their Labour would be ſufficiently made amends for, by ſeeing the moſt extraordinary Library that can be imagined; for it contains all the Books that have been, or will be written on Earth, with the Names of their true Authors. They hired a Guide, and went to *Dionyſius*, a ſmall trading Town upon the Sea of *Nectar*. They made no great Stay here, becauſe of *Piſo*'s impatient longing to ſee the famous Valley. They went thither, with their Guide, whoſe Name was *Menas*, and who ſerved them for an Interpreter.

What ſtruck the Eyes of *Pomponius* firſt, was a vaſt large Magazine of Maidenheads, very well furniſhed, and ſo full, that there was ſcarce Room to walk in it. Our *Romans* could not tell what to make of it; they ſaw certain Things, made up in a certain Manner, which is eaſier to be imagined than deſcribed. There was Ribbons, Sugar, Plumbs, Sweetmeats, Gold, Silver, Bread, Corn, Peaſe, Beans, Hope, blue, green, red, grey, white, black Amarillis's, Sattins, Lace, Collation, Wine, Fruits, Poetry, Muſick, Painting, Fair-words, handſome Looks, *&c.* ſome had five, ſix, or ſeven Notches upon them, and ſome more. They had each a Note with the Name of the Perſons to whom they belonged. *Pomponius*

by chance laid his Hand upon his own Maid-enhead which was painted double. He found upon the Note, *Pomponius* and *Octavia*. This made him bluſh; and *Piſo* perceiving it urged him to tell him the Reaſon. The Interpreter to ſpare him the trouble, ſaid I ſuppoſe the Gentleman has found his Maidenhead again. *Piſo* fell a laughing and aſked if thoſe Things were Maiden-heads; *Menas* told him Yes: Odsfiſh, continued *Piſo*, that's what I ſhould never have gueſs'd, but, ſince it is ſo, I muſt ſeek out for mine. I perceive *Pomponius* has pocketted his; I may do ſo too perhaps for every Body has a Right to take his own Goods whereſoever he finds them. By long ſeeking, he found out *Priſcus*'s. A Prize! he cried, what will you give me for it, *Priſcus*; he thinking, *Piſo* was only in jeſt, ſaid, he gave it him. *Piſo* put it in his Pocket, and ſhortly we ſhall ſee what Uſe he made of it. *Celer* found *Egnatius*'s which was all over ruſty: It was an old Maidenhead of Steel, but the Blade looked to have been a fine well-temper'd Metal. He tyed it to *Egnatius*'s Helmet without his Knowledge. *Priſcus* found *Meſſalina*'s, and aſk'd *Piſo* what he would give him for it. Keep it, ſaid *Piſo*, I'll buy it dearer than you think, I'll pay you very well for it; but I am vex'd to the Heart, that I cannot find out mine

ye

yet I know that at thirteen I put it into the ir-redeemable Funds. Is it not with your Sister's, ſaid *Pomponius*? No, ſaid *Piſo*, I have not acted *Jupiter* ſo far as that comes to. *Priſcus* aſk'd, if it was not with *Grecina*'s? No; anſwer'd *Piſo*, we had both of us loſt ours, long before. *Egnatius* cried out, that he had found *Celer*'s upon a Bottle of Hay; this drew every Body's Eyes upon him, and we all fell a laughing, not ſo much at what *Egnatius* had ſaid, but to ſee his Maidenhead ſtick up like a Plume, upon his Helmet. *Pomponius* aſk'd him for *Celer*'s, to ſee if it was alone, and finding it ſterling he gave it to the Owner.

Piſo was the only one, that could not find his Maidenhead again. Sir, ſaid *Menas*, if you pleaſe to tell me your Name, I'll help you to look it. Truly, ſaid he, my Name is *Piſo*. Sir continued *Menas*, there are a great many Maidenheads of that Name here. Mine, ſaid *Piſo*, is but a young One, it has not been here above five Years, from thirteen to eighteen, if I am not miſtaken. Pray ſee if you can't know it by its Teeth, for the Mark ſhould not be off yet. Sir, ſaid *Menas*, you muſt know that there are no old Maidenheads here: They all come young or never. But perhaps your Name may be *Sulpitius Piſo*: Right, replied *Piſo*, and if you know

any Thing concerning me, tell it me ou
of Hand. Sir, ſaid *Menas*, I know wher
your Maidenhead is: It has been ſhew
to the States of our Country, as a ver
curious Rarity; effectively, you have pu
it to the Proof a hundred Times, that i
all, who granted you the Favour, imagin
ed they had it, and you was very wel
pleas'd they did ſo. Sir, It has I don
know how many Notches upon it, of al
Kinds and Colours, and is indeed ſome
thing very curious. The Governours or
dered it to be put into a Box, with Cotto
to preſerve it; and depoſited in a privat
Cabinet where the Maidenheads of King
Queens, Princes and Princeſſes are kep
Wait here a Moment, I'll go and fetc
the Keeper, he'll be over-joy'd to ſee yo
Piſo did not know what to make of thi
Speech, but like a Man of Wit, fell
laughing at it firſt of all; and not to loſ
Time, they fell to looking over the othe
Maidenheads. They found an infinit
Number of their Acquaintance. *Piſo* foun
his Siſter's tyed with a fine blue Ribbo
to young *Veturius*'s. He was inclined t
take it, but immediately altering his Mind
he ſaid, Faith, if ſhe wants it, e'en let he
fetch it her ſelf. At length the Keeper o
the Royal Maidenheads came, and afte
mutual Civilities, he brought the *Roma*
into the private Cabinet, which was neat
and

nd well-furniſhed. *Piſo* aſk'd him for his Maidenhead. Whilſt the Keeper was opening the Box and uncovering the Maidenheads, *Egnatius* ſaid to the Company, had *Pomponius* travelled, I ſhould think I had found out ſomething relating to him; here is a Maidenhead intituled, *Amiſa* Princeſs of *Tyre*, and *Pomponius*. He was deſirous to ſee it, and every Body admired it, for it looked well and was exquiſitely Beautiful. *Pomponius*, who knew the Meaning, deſired the Keeper to make him a Preſent of it; he did ſo, *Pomponius* giving him a Receipt in due Form for his Diſcharge. At laſt *Piſo*'s Maidenhead appear'd, and placed it ſelf upon the Plume of its Maſter's Helmet, where it play'd Tricks without Number in ſcattering about the Tickets wherewith it was quite covered. *Feler* read a Lecture upon it, in which there were ſome Names mentioned that made them every one bluſh, as they were intereſted in them. After they had diverted themſelves ſome Time with this Curioſity, *Piſo* made a Preſent of it to the Keeper, upon condition that he ſhould record it in the Archives, That he had made a Voyage to the Moon, that he had ſeen his Maidenhead, and had left it there; indeed, added he, I ſhould not carry it far, for I have an Acquaintance at *Menelaus*, that is well worth a Maidenhead.

CHAP. XV.

The Magazine of Wit. *The Secret of the Powder of* Projection. *The Manners of the Inhabitants of* Fracaſtor.

THE Company at their going out of the Magazine of *Maidenheads* thank the Keeper; and *Menas* led them through a Place in the Valley, all full of Bottles and Phyals. *Pomponius* took it to be the Shop of the Apothecary of the Country, and told his Guide ſo, who let him know that theſe Bottles contained the Wit of all thoſe Folks upon Earth, who had loſt it, or had let it Evaporate. Among other Bottles *Piſo* light upon a Chryſtal One, Hermetically ſtop'd with this Inſcription *Sulpitia Piſo*. Is not this my Wit, ſaid he to *Menas*? Yes, Sir, anſwered the Guide: The Bottle is ſo full, that it can't hold any more; yet you are at your Liberty to take it again. I would not adviſe you to it, ſaid *Celer*, for by *Mercury*, you would not keep it longer than you did your Maidenhead, and I think it is better to loſe it only once than twice. It is very well here, the Bottle is very well ſtop'd, and if you

take

ake my Advice, here let it remain. Now, at eaſt, when you are aſked where your Wit is, ou may ſay, it is in the Moon, in the ourth Row of Chryſtal Bottles, Number even, or rather five; whereas if you take it, n an Hour's Time, you wont know what's ecome of it. There's ſomething to be e- en with him, *Piſo*, ſaid *Priſcus*. do you ee a ſquare Bottle juſt by that Pitcher? What's writ upon it, anſwered *Piſo*, *Fabius Celer*. There's a pretty little Bottle, and he Liquor in it is as clear as Rock-Water, ut it has a damn'd Neapolitan ſmell with t. It is not quite full, but almoſt. You eem thirſty, take a Draught of your Wit, nd tell us frankly if it does not ſmell a ittle as if it had been burnt. Give it me; ou Wag, ſaid *Celer*. He took the Bottle, rank up the Liquor, and found it agreed with him very well. *Piſo* broke his Bot- le and drank the Company's Healths with what was in it. *Pomponius* found a Flaſk with his Name upon it, and put it up in his Pocket, reſolving not to taſte the Li- uor, till Fortune ſhould bring him to *Rome* again. *Egnatius*'s Wit was in a large Shell and almoſt filled it: At the Top it had a Smack of Arms which was not diſ- greeable; at the Middle it taſted flattiſh, but three Fingers lower, it was briſk and ſtrong, like Falernum-Wine. *Priſcus* found his own Bottle, and drank it up immedi-

ately

ately that the Company might not be mer-
ry upon him. He alſo found *Cato*'s Bottle,
but could not drink a Drop, the Liquor
was ſo tart and ſharp; it had beſides
a twang of the Deſperado, which ſmell
moſt abominably. He hunted high and
low for *Plato*'s Bottle without finding it.
Menas, to whom he had expreſs'd his Deſire
to ſee it, told him that that Philoſopher
had taken it away. How! has he been in
the Moon too? Yes, Sir, ſaid the Guide, and
liked it ſo well, that he has ſettled here,
and inſtituted a Commonwealth, which is
viſited by all the Travellers, who have any
Curioſity, that come hither. Where about
is it? Sir, replied *Menas*, it lies upon the
Borders of the *Pluvious* Sea, between *Ari-
ſtotle* and *Helicon*. As no doubt you'll re-
turn to *Meſſala* to re-imbark; you may go
ſome Days before-hand. From *Meſſala* you
come to *Hermes*, from *Hermes* to *Ariſtotle*;
as you leave *Ariſtotle*, you'll find two Roads;
the left leads to *Endoxius*, ſo take to the
right, which will carry you to *Plato*.

As they were Travelling on in this plea-
ſant Valley, they found an old Manuſcript,
which formerly belonged to *Numa Pompi-
lius*, and contained the Way to raiſe Tem-
peſts, to make it Thunder, and bring the
Lightening down upon the Earth. They
found another large Manuſcript in golden
Let-

letters upon blue Vellum, intituled, *Chriſo-s Clavicula Salomonis*; treating of thirty hree thouſand different Ways of making old. *Pomponius* read ſome Pages of it. he Book was chained to a piece of Mar-le, and the Guide declared that it was ot to be taken away; therefore *Pomponius* ontented himſelf with taking down in his ocket-Book, the eaſieſt Manner of making he Powder of Projection. It was delivered n theſe Words:

" Upon what *Saturn* eat, when he thought he devoured *Jupiter*, the lovely, charming, and fair-headed *Aurora*, beholds Pearls of tranſcendent Beauty, which ſhe rarifies, condenſates, nouriſhes, purifies and deſtroys. The Mother of the World is born in this Game; her Head is green, her Hair is lank and thin, and has red Flowers upon it, which are eaſily diſcernable to good Eyes. The Flowers being prepared by *Vulcan*, and put into the Belly of a Horſe, revive at the Sight of new-born *Phœbus*, and riſe up towards him, to pay him Homage. He keeps them for ſome Time in a moiſt Coolneſs, which the active *Vulcan* muſt diſſipate. Put them again in a Sheep's Belly; expoſe them to ſcorching *Phœbus*, till he has quite dried them up. This Powder put upon *Saturn* makes the Moon riſe. If you throw any upon *Venus*,

" that

" that glorious and ſo-much-deſired Plan
" the *Sun* inſtantly ſhines forth: But, h
" Nature made the Purple he had ſpoke
" upon the Head of a rational Animal, y
" might extract the *Sun* out of all that."

Scarce had *Piſo* heard this Paſſage re over, but he began to joke, ſaying, he h a Key to that Riddle, and that if it d pended only upon the Purple which gro upon their Head, they ſhould ſoon be ric for that he had three Slaves whoſe Ha was redder than Blood. This Flight ſe them all a laughing, and they purſued the Journey. *Egnatius* ſaw a large Pan-Ca tied to a Poſt. He only read the Title o it, which was, The Salick Law. *Cele* aſked the Guide, what thoſe Birds wer that were baſking in the Sun. *Mezzo* tol him they were *Phœnixes*. They aſk'd te thouſand other Queſtions about what the met with, and their Guide gave them en tire Satisfaction.

At length they reach'd *Fracaſtor*, a larg Town, ſituated at the Foot of a high Moun tain, water'd by the Sea of *Nectar*. Th Inhabitants of *Fracaſtor* are tall with lon Hair. They have large blue Eyes, are o a fair Complexion, and have a delicat Manner of Expreſſion. The Boys vie i Beauty with the Girls, who are the Hand ſomeſt in all the Moon. They are a lit

e ſubject to the Green-Sickneſs, but the ompany of Men cures them of this Indiſ- ſition. The Generality of the *Lunarian* omen have a fine Turn of Mind. Their ontracts of Marriage are very plain and ſy. They and the Men plight Faith to e another, for a mutual Enjoyment of e Pleaſures of Marriage, as long as Love ſts, that if one grows weary of the other, or ſhe may go and ſeek their Fortune, y where elſe, without the others having y Thing to ſay againſt it, and they ay come together again whenever their ancies lead them to it. Sometimes they arry only for a Week, a Month, more or ſs. As for the Children born in theſe arriages, there is a Proviſion made for em by the State. They are brought up common: The Boys ſeparately in very oble Academies, where they are taught very Thing that can form the Mind or ody. The Care of the Education of the irls is committed to the wiſe and virtuous adies. This is very convenient for them, at ſhould they be liberal of their Fa- ours, to thoſe who are ſo happy as to be n their good Graces, they have only to end for their Maidenheads at the Maga- ine, then all's well again. They are onderfully diſcreet, inviolable Keepers f a ſecret; in fine, they abound in good Qualities. There is a Hymn compoſed in praiſe

praiſe of them, which they delight in Sin
ing, and this is the Burthen of it;

Made like the Gods, Women will be belov'
And will like them be ev'ry where ador'd.

CHAP. XVI.

The Library at Snellius. SAINTS
the Society. Doctrine of PISO
Truth. Deſcription of a MAIDE
HEAD.

FROM *Fracaſtor* our *Romans* ſet
for *Snellius*, a well-governed Ci
The Inhabitants naturally ſpeak all S
of Languages. In the Suburbs of this Pla
is that famous Library which contains
the Books that either have been, or, will
written, upon Earth. The *Romans* went
viſit the Library-Keeper, whoſe Name
Samar, a Man of Wit and univerſal Lea
ing, and who thoroughly well knows
the Books he is intruſted with. He rece
ed the *Romans* with great Civility, a
ſhowed them his Library, which is fo
Miles in Length, and five in Bread
The Shelves are all full and very m
nificent: The Books are placed accordi

o the Time when they are to come out. The first, that struck *Egnatius*, was a arge Folio, which is to be published in he Year of the World 9999, intituled, *The Lives of the Saints of the Society of* esus. The Author observes in his Pre- ace, that though all the Members of this ociety are Saints, yet he has thought roper to write the Lives of those who ave most distinguish'd themselves. He urther observes, that the first Institu- ion of the Society, is to be dated from the ear 4000, when Jesus its Founder, said, o the first professed Brother of it, *This Day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* The an to whom these Words were spoken, ad, during his whole Life, been a perfect lodel of Jesuitical Charity, loving his eighbour's Goods above any Thing. As would be too long to make the Analysis f this pious Work, I shall only quote me Saints whose Names were written in ed Letters.

Among others, you see *Isaiah* Bishop of *hodes*, and *Alexander* Bishop of *Diospolis Thracia*. In the Persecution, which *The- dora Justinian*'s Consort rais'd against the hilosophers, (it is proper, to remark with e Author, that the Society of Jesus s Subjects in all Countries) these two elates who were initiated in the sacred ysteries of philosophical Love, generous-

ly gave their Blood to be shed for the Honour of Philosophy. Then follow the Names of *Theodosius*, Page to *Antonius*, *Belisarius*'s Wife, and of *Bassanes*, Page to *Theodora*, both Martyrs of the Society. *Archimidus* is joined with them as a Confessor. After these follow the Names of an infinite Number of *Roman* Pontiffs: *John* the XIIIth whose Chastity is proposed for an Example, brings up the Rear of the red Letter'd Saints. There were a great many more in black. Next after the Pontiffs comes the incomparable *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who when living, was the Protector of the Distressed, and the Revenger of publick Wrongs. The blessed *Sancho Pancha* follows him as a Model of sociable Life. There are *Spaniards* without Number, as *Don Guzman D'Alfarache*, *Don Diego*, *Don Iñigo*, commonly known by the Name of *Ignatius*. The learned Author observes concerning him, that *Iñigo* had pass'd for the Founder of the Institution, without so much as working one single Miracle, and the only Reason he can see for it, is the Mortification of this holy Person, who us'd to travel with one Foot bare, and the other shod, mounted cross wise upon a Mule, and was the first Casuist of the Society. He speaks highly in praise of this Man, but will by no means allow him to be the Author of their Fraternity, since he has proved by

certain

certain Tradition, that ever since the Time of Jesus there have been Jesuits, that they take their Name from him, that they are not called *Ignatians* or *Loyolists*, which most certainly they would have been, did they draw their Origin from Ignatius or Loyola.

Whilst *Ignatius* was turning over this pious Work, the Rest of the Company were looking into other Books, but had not the Patience to examine them, as *Ignatius* did. They rather chose to refer themselves to the Library-Keeper. *Pomponius* found a small Treatise, intitled, *The vain Attempts of the Prince of* ORANGE. He asked what that was? *Samar* replied, it was a *Title*, a *Dedication*, and a *Controversial Piece*. How! so many Things in so small a Volume? said *Pomponius*. Yes, Sir, answered *Samar*. First, the *Title* has no Manner of Relation to the *Book*, so it stands alone. The *Dedication* to King JAMES agrees in some sort with the *Title*, but not in the least with the *Book*; and as for the *Book* it self, that is quite foreign either to the *Title* or *Dedication*. When you look into it you would be apt to imagine you were reading a *Treatise of Politicks*, wherein the Author would lay open the most secret Springs of a *Revolution* that is to happen in *England*, and shew the Ill-success which is likely to attend it; laying down the surest, or at least the most plausible Means to hinder the

Springs from working. But there is not a Word of all this: It is only a meer Rhapſody, a Heap of Trifles, ſtuffed with ſilly inſipid Raillery, under Pretext of commenting upon *A Letter of a Miniſter of State to a Friend of his*: There is beſides one Quotation of a *Latin* Diſtich out of *Theodore Beza*, where ſpeaking of two Perſons he loved, he ſays,

In the Love Heat with which I burn,
I now can Kiſs them turn by turn.

For God's ſake, Maſter Library-Keeper, ſaid *Piſo*, tell me what does this Book mean? It has a *Written-Title* very different from that which is *Printed*. O! replied *Samar*, I know what you mean. Is it not *A Treatiſe on Auricular Confeſſion* againſt the Paſtor *Daille*? Yes, ſaid *Piſo*, it is ſo *printed*; but the *Written-Title* runs thus, *A* French *Tranſlation of ſome* Latin *Paſſages* relating *to Confeſſion*. What is this *Confeſſion* Sir? *Samar* anſwered, if you *knew* what it was and had a Mind to *forget* it, you need only peruſe the *Book* whereof you have read the *Title*. I can aſſure you, that *Auricular Confeſſion* never had ſo wretched a Champion as this Tranſlator. If he has no better an Inſight into the other *Articles* of his *Religion*, he may publickly proclaim himſelf an *Ignoramus*, without Fear of humbling himſelf too low: Beſides, 'tis need-

leſs

ess to tell you what it is, because it would
but draw me into Particulars too tedious
for you to hear. Sir, said *Piſcus*, what a
vaſt Number of Books here are! A Man
that could retain all their Contents would
know every Thing. What ſay you, Sir, ſaid
Samar? I have read over an infinite Num-
ber of theſe Volumes, and many of them
are read to me by Perſons who comment
upon them; and yet I proteſt to you, there
are many Things in them I am ignorant
of, though Things eſſential to an honeſt
Man: As for Inſtance, I don't know the
Nature of *Truth*. Therefore if you Gen-
tlemen of the other World do know it, and
will inſtruct me, I ſhall be extreamly ob-
liged to ye.

There are *ſeveral Kinds* of *Truths*, ſaid
Celer, tho *Truth* it ſelf is plain and ſim-
ple. It is divided into *ſeveral Branches*.
There are *Eternal Truths*. I will explain
them, ſaid *Egnatius*. There are *Phyſical*
Truths, replied *Celer*. Right, ſaid *Piſo*,
that's for me, it hits me exactly. But are
there not *Tranſitory Truths* for *Pomponius*?
You cut me out a deal of Work, ſaid *Sa-*
mar, how can I remember all theſe Things
at once. Don't let that trouble you, Sir,
ſaid *Egnatius*, *Piſo* won't fail to divert the
Company.

Eternal Truths are thoſe which exiſt in-
dependant of us, and are unalterable either

by the Gods or Us. Can the Gods make a *Stick* without *two Ends*, or a *Triangle* without three *Angles*? And *Piso* himself with all his Skill and Knowledge, can he hinder but that the *Whole*, shall be greater than a *Part*? These are very comical *Eternal Truths*, you tell us of, said *Piso*, what have I done to you, that you must always have a Fling at me? Odsfish don't think I'll ſtand up for a Falſity. I am ſtark Mad, when I hear ſuch Suppoſitions as yours. It happens only too often, that a *Part* is greater than the *Whole*. When I think upon *Jupiter*, and conceive an Idea of him, as of an *Infinite Being*; this *Thought* is but a *Mode*, a *Modification*, or if you have it ſo, a *non Entity* of my *Mind*. This *Mode*, this *Modification*, this *Entity* is not my *Soul*. If it were my *Soul*, I ſhould much rather have conceived it in relation to my *Soul*, than to its *various Accidents*: And very often, thinking upon *that*, I think alſo upon *ſome other Thing*. The *Idea* I have of the *Infinite Being*, cannot be ſaid to be my *Soul*, for that it *thinks* upon the *Infinite Being*, ſince at the ſame Time I *think* upon *Ignatius*. Theſe, though he is included in the *Idea* of an *Infinite Being*, which comprehends all *other Beings*, are Two *different Conceptions*, which my *Soul* cannot have, were it not *diverſely modified*.

I think

think upon the *Infinite God*, the *Supreme Being*, this is *One* of the *Modes* of my *Soul*. At the ſame Time I think upon *Egnatius*, who is a *finite Being*, this is its *other Mode*. But my *Soul* does not conſiſt only of theſe *two Modes*, ſince at the ſame Time ſhe may have an infinite Number of *others*. Now, this *Thought* by which I reflect upon the *Infinite Being*, is, as it were, (pardon the Expreſſion) but a *Part* of my *Soul*, tho' *Part* without *Bounds*, ſince it inclines and reaches to the *Infinite Being*. If the *Soul* be what it thinks, *Thought* muſt be what it repreſents. *Ergo*, my dear *Egnatius*, my *Soul* being a created *finite Being*, is not ſo extenſive, as its *Mode*, its *Modification*, its *Entity*, which are *Infinite*, becauſe they incline to an *infinite Object*. Some Principles excepted, ſaid *Pomponius*, your Reaſoning is pretty juſt, till you come to the Inference. But to ſhow you how abſurd that is, pray tell me, what is this *Mode*, this *Modification*, this *Entity* which *depends upon*, which *proceeds*, which is *an Accident* of your *Mind*, yet nevertheleſs *is not* your *Mind*.

You aſk him too much, ſaid *Priſcus*; nay, indeed I did not think his Knowledge ſo great as it is. I find, ſaid *Piſo*, they did not give you freſh Water, when they put you in the Tomb. Had you taken your Degrees in *Phyſicks*, before you meddled with

with *Metaphyſicks*, as I did, you would eaſily conceive that a *Part* may be greater than its *Whole*. I'll condeſcend to elucidate this Truth to you, by a Phyſical Experiment: An *Ounce* of Incenſe is more than a *Grain*, ſo that if I can demonſtrate to you, that this *Grain* phyſically ſpeaking, is more than the *Ounce*, I ſhall have gained my Point. Now, for my Proof. Extent, Breadth, Length, and Depth make up the Eſſence of a *Body*. Take a *Grain* from this *Ounce* of Incenſe, and reduce it to Smoak, it diffuſes it ſelf through all the Room, whereas the *Ounce* lies in a very little compaſs. That which ſtrikes your Noſtrils is a *ſenſible Body*, which makes an Impreſſion upon you and effects your *Smell*. This *Body* is extenſive, ſince it fills the Room, and works upon *every Body* in it. Yet it is but a very *minute Part* of the *Ounce* which lies in ſo little a compaſs. *Ergo*, conſequently, the *Part* is greater than the *Whole*, and the *Whole* leſs than the *Part*. You are as knowing, ſaid *Celer*, in *Phyſicks* as in *Metaphyſicks*. If the *Ounce* was burnt as well as the *Grain*, what would become of your Sophiſm? It would vaniſh in Smoak, ſaid *Pomponius*. Odſfiſh, replied *Piſo*, what the Devil could *Egnatius* mean to make one chatter all this Nonſence. If I have ſaid wrong, you muſt take him to Taſk; let him go on with his Theſis,

heſis, he'll be as much puzzled as I was. have ſaid enough for Men of Senſe to nderſtand me, anſwered *Egnatius*. When nce a Perſon has laid down a Principle, e runs great Lengths, chiefly if he be of lively a Genius as *Piſo*. I ſwear by *ſtor* and all his Altars, ſaid *Piſo*, that I'll e as brief upon *Phyſical* Truths, as you ere upon the *Eternal*.

Phyſical Truth is the moſt ſenſible of all *ruths*. Whatever is real, whatever exiſts nd is oppoſite to *nothing*, is identify'd to *be*, y a very Phyſical Truth. To explain this: ſee *Grecina* in the Water; I induce her to ome to Land; I lay her on the Ground; do with her what *Jupiter* did with *Danae*, *Alcmena*, *Europa*, *Semele*, and thouands of others, that pleaſed him. This is hat may properly be called a *Phyſical ruth*. *Two Bodies* endow'd with a procreative Vertue, and joined, are efficacious nough to make a *Third*. Is there any hing more Phyſical? I am *Piſo*; *Rome* he chief City of the World ſubſiſts; we re in the Moon; all theſe are *Phyſical ruths*. This is enough for Men of Senſe. ou banter me, replied *Egnatius*. You an't banter me, ſaid *Pomponius*, I throw p the *tranſient Truths*. 'Tis the fineſt art of the Queſtion, *Piſo* anſwered. Think pon a *Reality* which does not ſubſiſt, that's *tranſient Truth*. You laugh at my Propoſition,

ſition, yet it is perfectly agreeable to g
Senſe. A *Maidenhead*, generally ſpe
ing, is a *real Thing*, which yet does
ſubſiſt. This I can eaſily demonſtrate
you. To *ceaſe to be*, a Thing *muſt be*:
Maidenhead may *ceaſe to be*, ergo it *muſt*
and exiſt. *Item*, One can *loſe* only w
one *has*, and *one* cannot *loſe* what one
not, but almoſt every Body have loſt th
Maidenheads, as we know by the Mag
cine we ſaw the other Day: So a *Maid*
head is ſomething *real*, ſince it is to
had and *loſt*. *Ergo* there are *Maidenhead*
But theſe *Maidenheads* are neither *Body* n
Spirit; all *Bodies* are extended in Leng
Depth and Breadth. The *Maidenhead* h
nothing of all this, *ergo it is no Body*.
Spirit thinks, but a *Maidenhead* does
think, *ergo* it can't be called a *Spirit*. N
thing can be conceived to exiſt, which
not either *Body*, or *Spirit*, or *both*. B
a *Maidenhead* is *neither*, *ergo* it does
exiſt. That there are *Maidenheads* I ha
fully proved; and that there *are not*,
have clearly demonſtrated. Here's a ple
ſant Sophiſter, ſaid *Peter*. I am now, a
ſwered *Iſis*, perfectly in Tune, and in
Humour to diſplay the Solidity of m
Judgement.

CHA

CHAP. XVII.

curious Question, Whether any Marriageable Creature has its Maidenhead?

PRAY, continued *Piso*, give a favourable Attention to what I am going to ppose, for it is every Body's Concern. o you believe, that there is any marageable Creature upon Earth who has its aidenhead? Yes, said *Prisca*, I do beve it. The wise Man ought to raise mself above all sensual Pleasures: He is be ruled by Reason, and to rule the esh. And though the wise Man is not clined to Marriage, he can and ought to eserve his Maidenhead. He can, because is Master of his Passions. He ought, cause Virginity was ever esteemed a fine rnament. I don't know any Vertue at more distinguishes Men from Beasts an Continence. The less we addict our ves to sensual Pleasures, the more we ep our Minds free and disengaged from ose Objects, which draw it aside from the ontemplation of Wisdom. The more arming and delightful a Conquest is,

the

the more apt it is to disturb the Hea
The wise Man is lost to me, in those v
luntary Emotions when the Flesh lords
over the Spirit. Those assiduous Servic
which link us to the Object of our Desi
border upon Slavery. Love and Liber
are diametrically opposite to one another

I never thought till now, said *Sam*
that Chastity was a *Roman* Vertue. B
you speak of it in such pompous Term
that it is plain you are affected with wh
you say. I ever had, said *Egnatius*, a pa
ticular Esteem for chaste Persons. I h
nour and respect Chastity, but cann
practise it. It has been my Thought, th
to love what is lovely is the Sign of
well turned Mind. We set a prodigio
Value upon Statues which are Maste
pieces; yet the best of them are not
the least to be compared to a fine limb
Body. Moreover, being destitute of Li
and Motion, they can make no Returns
our Esteem: Whereas a young, well sha
ed, handsome Woman, has all the Adva
tages of the most perfect Statue, and be
sides returns our Love, and loves us
well, and sometimes better than we d
her. Why did the Gods create Beaut
but to delineate a Sketch of their ow
Image? The nearer Resemblance any Thin
has to the Divinity, the more it claim
our Respect and Love. To love the

Like

neſs is to love the Gods themſelves. 'Tis the *Fall* of *Nature* and let her work. This excellent Miſtreſs of her ſelf, brings all our Hearts under the pleaſing Yoke of Loves exquiſite Joys.

Right, ſaid *Piſo*, the Gods have loved and love on every Day: Why then ſhould not we love? Have you forgot, ſaid *Pomponius*, how dearly you paid for imitating them? I believe the Marks are ſtill to be ſeen. I have made my ſelf ſufficiently amends, ſince that, reply'd *Piſo*: After my firſt Heat was over, I pitch'd upon two Miſtreſſes; one of them indulges me in *all my Deſires*. This is for my *Body*. The other will *grant me nothing*, only permits me *to write to her now and then*, and willingly *anſwers me*. We have our Interviews at certain Times, but all I ever yet could obtain from her, was one Kiſs of her roſy Lips, and that by way of a Carreſs, for which I got a Pat upon the Cheek. But this I take it, was only a Copy of her Countenance, to make me prize the Favour I had wreſted from her. Doubtleſs, ſaid *Priſcus*, had ſhe given you a Box on the Ear, you would have thank'd her for it. We muſt bear any Thing from the Ladies, reply'd *Piſo*. How different from theſe, ſaid *Priſcus*, are the Thoughts of a wiſe Man! I am charmed, ſaid *Celer*, with the Sentiments of *Priſcus*. His Authority is

of great Weight, for he acts up to ever
Thing he ſays. I believe as much as yo
do, ſaid *Pomponius*, that *Priſcus* ſtill has h
Maidenhead. But, what has he not ſuſtain
ed to preſerve it? I love an eaſy Vertu
I muſt, reply'd *Egnatius*, ſay this of *Pri*
cus, tha the is the honeſteſt Man I know.
was an Eye-Witneſs to his Education, an
can anſwer for the Purity of his Morals.
never ſaw him frequent Ladies Company
and could lay my Life that he ſtill h
his *Maidenhead*. Odsfiſh, ſaid *Piſo*, you
loſe it. Can you think, that whilſt you w
in the Army, making the Enemies of th
Roman Name chew the Duſt; I ſay, ca
you think that *Priſcus*, who is ſo hearty
Well-wiſher to Mankind, could ſee it de
ſtroy'd without lending a helping Han
Perhaps, he has given *Rome* as many Citi
zens, as you have killed Enemies in a
your Wars. What do you ſay, *Priſcus*
Does Philoſophy conſiſt in receiving fro
every Body undeſerved Praiſes? Show you
ſelf a Man of Spirit, and frankly declar
you don't know what's become of you
Maidenhead. You are a Man and a *Roma*
too, that's Excuſe enough. *Priſcus* returne
no Anſwer, but bluſh'd and ſmiled. I, ſai
Celer, am of *Egnatius*'s Mind, and could
lay my Life, that *Priſcus* ſtill has h
Maidenhead. Won't you lay your's too
ſaid *Piſo* to *Pomponius*. I'll anſwer for m

Body

ody, ſaid *Pomponius*. You are in the ight, ſaid *Piſo*, and you *Priſcus*, I ſpare ou, in regard to your Silence. You may y what you pleaſe. You ſhall pay for at, reply'd *Piſo*; and taking *Priſcus*'s *Maidenhead* out of his Pocket, he ſaid, do ou know who this Trinket belongs to? hat a pretty Thing it is! ſo beautiful! is quite pickled in the moſt *ſublime Phi-ſophy*! The wiſe Man can and ought to reſerve his *Maidenhead*. I don't know ny Vertue, which diſtinguiſhes Man from eaſts more than *Continence*. You are ſharp, id *Egnatius*, but I am ſure this is a Trick f yours. You took this *Maidenhead* out f the Magazine and have altered the icket. Odsfiſh, reply'd *Piſo*, read, that's ot my Hand. He does not impoſe upon ou, ſaid *Priſcus*; 'tis a Trick of my Youth. le is the wiſeſt Man who appears the leaſt oliſh. I, as well as you, loved Beauty efore I loved Wiſdom; but I have ſo ef-ctually turn'd that current of my In-lination, that I don't believe I have com-itted a Folly of that Nature, ſince I was ve and twenty Years of Age. Good, id *Piſo*; I have ſeven Years ſtill to take ny Swing of Pleaſures, it will be Time nough then, to turn my Thoughts to Wiſ-om: And if I can but carry a fair Out-ide, when I come to fifty, I may find ome *Egnatius*'s and *Celer*'s who will lay

even their Heads, that I am chaſter than *Diana*. You fully prove that *Priſcus* ha loved, ſaid *Celer*, but you can draw no In ference from that, as to the general Theſis. The general Theſis, ſaid *Piſo*, is demonſtra ted, if you will argue according to m Logick; and not philoſophize too much. A Man whoſe Virtue of all the World i the leaſt ſuſpected, one upon whoſe *Mai denhead* two illuſtrious *Romans* ſtake thei Heads; a Philoſopher who is the Model o the Court and Town, ſhould have his *Mai denhead*, or no Body has it. He has it not then who dares boaſt to have it? Beſide I have ſeveral excellent Authors of com ſummate Learning, who anſwer categori cally to the Queſtion in Diſpute, and de clare that there is no *marriageable Creatur* upon Earth, that dies with its *Maidenhead* I'll willingly quote them, and though the Paſſages ſeem far-fetch'd, I deſire you will not reject them; for I go upon good and ancient Manuſcripts, which contain Truth of great Concern. To begin with the Poets you know theſe Verſes in *Horace*,

Audiet Cives acuiſſe Ferrum
Quo graves Perſæ melius perirent
Rara Juventus.

The learned *Bentleius*, in his Commentary upon *Horace*, explains this Paſſage, thus;

It

is hard to find young Men, who have not whetted their Blade to pierce what is best in the City. This is no Proof, said *Celer*. Odsfish, said *Piso*, you are as warm as I am; *a moram.* I have Tradition on my Side. Only hear me patiently. The amorous *Ovid* was of the same Mind as *Horace*. He expresses himself in these Words;

Cur Ego posse negem minui mihi Cæsaris Iram,
Cum videam miles Hostibus esse Deos.

Which the learned *Tertius*, taking the Sense of the Author at Random, translates very well: *When I see*, says he, *that the Gods use me as an Enemy, I cannot deny but that the Anger of* Cæsar *has galt me.* This Passage is clear'd up by another Verse of the same Author, where he says,

An nescis longas Regibus esse Manus?

Which signifies, *Don't you know that* Kings *have it longer than the Arm.* By *Mercury*, said *Celer*, why this again is no Proof? Have Patience, said *Piso*, *Virgil*, the chaste *Virgil* is plain upon this Point.

Panditur interea Domus omnipotentis Olympi.

Which *Marcus Vebrianus* translates, *I give the Mouse.* ——hold cried *Priscus*, Quarter

for that Article, or at leaſt talk comm
Senſe. I have done, ſaid *Piſo*, you muſt
pleaſed. I ſtick to *Horace*: You kno
what he Means by theſe Words,

Æqua Lege Neceſſitas
Sortitur inſignes et imos:
Omne capax movet Urna Nomen.

Texierus, puts this Senſe upon them, *T*
a juſt Law, exacted by Neceſſity, that gre
and ſmall muſt move in the Mould where ever
Thing is made. In what Manner, ſaid *Pom*
ponius, does your Commentator explai
this Paſſage in *Horace*,

Nardi parvus Onix, elicit & Cadum
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat Horreis.

As well as I can remember, he explains i
thus; *He ſhall cruſh to pieces* Nardus, *who b*
a horrible Torment obliges him to lye down
without moving the little Veſſels which contai
a precious Liquor. I very well foreſaw
ſaid *Priſcus*, that we ſhould be obliged to
capitulate with you. No, reply'd *Piſo*, I
give it up, upon Condition that we ſhall
not detain this Gentleman, the Library-
Keeper, here any longer. I had rathe
leave the Queſtion undecided, than fall
out with you. Our *Romans* continuing
this Diſcourſe, went out of the Library,

and

nd desired the Favour of *Samar*, that he ould attend them there the following ays; which he the more readily promiſed, ecauſe he had been highly delighted with heir Converſation. He ſaid to *Priſcus*, queezing him by the Hand, *How eaſy is it o kindle an ill-quench'd Flame, and how prone re we to return to Love.*

You are of our Mind, ſaid *Pomponius*; his pleaſes me. You will oblige us in ommunicating your Parts to us. Pray, et aſide for me to Morrow a Book of *Wit* hat is worth *reading*. And pray, Sir, ſaid *Piſo*, for me, look out *one* that is *diverting*, or I am quite Melancholy with this *ſeri-us Diſcourſe*. After your Manner of *inter-reting Authors*, ſaid *Samar*, there is *no Book* but you may find ſomething to *laugh* t in it. But to amuſe you till to Morrow, ere's a little *Book*, which I am confident ill divert you; for it is full of *Wit*. What's he Title of it, Sir, ſaid *Piſo*, *Four ſhort Letters written to one* Abbot de la Trape, *Samar* anſwered, which ſetting *Truth* and *Judgement* aſide, are *very witty*. There is *no great reaſoning* in them, indeed the Au-hor's Talent does not lye that Way. A-mong the *Perſons* of this Comedy, there is a Knight whom I take to be a Relation of yours. Perhaps, Gentlemen, I may ſhow you to Morrow, *your own Hiſtory*, written by one of your ſelves. That will be worth while,

while, ſaid *Pomponius*: It goes under your Name, anſwered *Samar*, the Work is curious enough, but I believe, in Prudence, I muſt conceal it from you. The Company broke up till the next Day.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Sequel of what paſſed in the LIBRARY.

ALREADY had *Aurora* diffus'd her Golden Beams over the Fields, and the fiery Steeds of Silver-hair'd *Phœbus* were ſetting out on their rapid Courſe, when the *Romans* met at *Samar*'s to proceed in their Viſitation of the Library. In the Night-time they had reflected, how confuſedly and irregularly they had behaved themſelves the Day before, and rightly judging that if they went on in this Manner, they ſhould never ſee all the Beauty contained in this vaſt *Veſſel*, *Priſcus* propoſed to the Company to join in a Requeſt to *Samar*, that he would ſhow and explain to them, whatever was moſt worthy of Notice in it, to prevent frivolous Queſtions. They all willingly came into it, except

xcept *Piſo*, who could hardly be brought give over rallying, yet at length out of omplaiſance, he ſubmitted. They found *mar* waiting, who conducted them into e Library. They acquainted him with e *Treaty* they had *concluded* with *Piſo*, and eſired him to gratify their Curioſity.

This *Veſſel* whoſe vaſt *Extent* is ſo prodi- ious, ſaid *Samar*, is a *Work* of *Nature*. *Genius* perſides over it, and I only exe- ute *his* Orders. How, or by what Acci- ent, the *Books* you ſee, came here, is im- oſſible for me to tell. Though the An- als of this Country are very ancient, they ake no mention of it, and ſecretly be it oken, I believe the *Genius* who perſides ere, is the *Author* of them. Sometimes, hen I am alone, he reveals *himſelf* by peech, but neither I, or any Body elſe, ver ſaw *him*. The *Books* are diſpoſed ve- y commodiouſly. You ſee, on the Right- Hand, *whatever* relates to Mythology, Poe- y, and Hiſtory; and upon the Left, all he *Treatiſes* on the Arts, and Sciences: Philoſophy, Fable, and Divinity. Then, ome ſelect Claſſes are aſſigned to particu- ar Authors, *viz.* Whatever relates to EPI- CURUS is under the Title of his Name; nd ſo of *others*. Long Reading, has taught me, that Men are *now* as they *always were*, nd as they are *now*, they will always *be*. They may ſeem to *alter* in Religion and

Policy,

Policy, but their Manners and Inclination will be always the *ſame*. The Names of SECTS will be *different* but their Opinions the *ſame*. For Inſtance, the World is at preſent divided into two Opinions. The *Morality* of EPICURUS is the *Philoſophy* of the Men of Quality: ZENO has but few Followers and thoſe not of the beſt Faſhion. No doubt, *Egnatius* you have ſeen, to what a degree *Mœcenas* carried Luxury. He entirely gave himſelf up to Voluptuouſneſs, and like a true Diſciple of EPICURUS, placed all the Felicity of Life, in following the Maxims of that Philoſopher. Two Reigns hence, *Pyſo* may ſee at Court, a Philoſopher cloathed in Purple, who will preach up the *Doctrine* of ZENO, and practiſe the *Morality* of EPICURUS. His Name ſhall be SENECA, and he will give a great Luſtre to the *Stoick-Philoſophy*; but the *Morality* of EPICURUS, being much more agreeable to the Senſes, it will always get the better of it. In the Space of one thouſand, or two thouſand Years, ſcarcely will a Word be ſpoken either of *Stoicks* or *Epicureans*. Not that ſo great a Revolution of Nature is to happen within that Time, as that it ſhall be averſe to ſenſual Delights, or that there ſhall be none of thoſe arrogant Tempers, who are glad to *profeſs* a rigid Morality, if they are not *compelled* to live up

to

o it: But other Men by making a few lterations in the Maxims of theſe Philo-phers, and covering them with the Cloak f that Religion which will be uppermoſt t that Time, ſhall make themſelves ſuch laſters of it, that they will be thought he Authors of a *new Wiſdom*, and their ollowers ſhall be called by their Names. hoſe who at preſent are called *Epicureans*, hall then be called *Moliniſts*; and thoſe ho now bear the Name of *Stoicks*, ſhall hen be diſtinguiſhed by that of *Janſeniſts*. Vhat Relation, ſaid *Piſo*, will there be etwixt the *Moliniſts* and the *Epicureans*? Twill be the ſame Thing, reply'd *Samar*, nder two different Names, and all the Difference will lie, in that the *Moliniſts* vill allow a greater Licentiouſneſs to Man-ind than the *Epicureans* do. The Princi-les will be the ſame, but the Conſequences f the *Moliniſts* will be more extrava-ant. Beſides, they'll embrace the *Stoick-Principle*, which attributes every Thing to *Free-Will*; ſo that making Man Maſter of is own Happineſs or Miſery, it is not to e wondered at, if their eaſy Morality al-ows every Thing which conduces to his Happineſs to be lawful, upon condition hat Pleaſure be his only End, and that with a guilty Boldneſs he does not preſume o offend the Gods by his Behaviour. And he *Janſeniſts* what are they? ſaid *Piſo*.

They,

They, answered *Samar*, shall forego t
Stoick Principle, concerning the imagin
Strength of *Free Will*, but shall not rec
very far from it; for they will admit
a Victorious Will in the Gods, to det
mine them to shun *Evil* or follow *Goo*
This is to supply the Place of *Free-W*
since theirs will then be only an Instr
ment, which will be satisfied in havi
the Honour to concur with the *Divi*
Will, by which it is inclined to *Go*
They will imagine that *Man* being
compassed with Misery, Pain, and Disease
and moreover subjected to the rigorous L
of Death, he must have drawn down the
Calamities upon himself, by a Breach
the Orders of the Supreme Being his Cre
tor, that from this proceeded his Averso
to *Good* and his Propensity to *Evil*; tha
afterwards his Creator being willing to r
store him to his primitive State, (shall ac
cording to them) send Wisdom upon Earth
to lessen the Weight of his Corruption, and
that by this Wisdom, Man's *Free-Will* shall
recover fresh Efficacy; that the Merits o
Wisdom shall induce the Creator to do the
Creature all the Good it shall ask. Then
they shall preach up mightily for Fasting,
Penance, Retirement, Mortification, the
Love of Poverty: In a Word, for all the
Hardships and Pains imaginable to mortify
the Flesh. In this they'll differ from the
Molinists,

Molinists, who loving themselves better, and unwilling to destroy the Image of the Deity in themselves, will require for an *Expiation* of the greatest Crimes, only a bare *Confession* of them, which they'll pretend shall oblige the Gods to forget them, or, that they will force them to it, by Briefs, Bulls, and Constitutions from *Rome*.

I don't know, said *Pomponius*, whether People who are to deal so freely with their *Gods*, will be thoroughly persuaded of their *Existence*. Yes, answered *Samar*, they'll believe in the *Gods* after *their Manner*, but you *Romans* are sad Bunglers in Religion. Later Ages will refine upon your Notions. Why did you not colour the *Rape* of *Europa* and *Danae*'s big Belly with the Veil of *Mystery*? 'Tis well known that the *Gods* are Lovers of the Fair Sex, only wrap up their Actions in mystical Terms, and they'll pass for Holy and Sacred; but chiefly, require of the People *to believe*, what they *can't comprehend*. AMPHITRYO returns Thanks to the *Gods* for making him a *Cuckold*, but this has not clear'd JUPITER's Reputation from *Adultery* in polluting *Alcmena*'s Bed, and all, because this Action was made known to the People in a wrong Way. The *Gods* reason quite otherwise than *Men*.

I never, said *Piso*, met with such a Reasoner as you; but pray, tell me, what Books

are theſe upon this Shelf. That I will ſaid *Samar*; all the *Books* you ſee unde the Name of *EPICURUS*, contain his MO RALS, or have an eſſential Relation t them, as *Eſcobart*, *Caramuel*, *Soto*, *Abil* and a vaſt Number of others, a Recital o which would be too tedious. It is not en tirely ſo, with the *Books* which are unde the Title of *ZENO*, becauſe all the *Work* of *the Congregation* of St. MAUR are pla ced together, whereas ſome of them of righ belong to *EPICURUS*'s Shelf. Though thei Authors are to undertake a Defence of th *Morality* of *ZENO*, and the moſt rigi *Stoiciſm*; and for this Purpoſe, they are t publiſh the *Works* of all the *Philoſopher* that have been of thoſe Sentiments, chiefl of *Auguſtin* an *African* Philoſopher; ye ſome ſecret *Epicureans* will be found amon them, as *Martianai* and *Montfaucon*, wh will publiſh Editions of *Jerome* and *Chry ſoſtome*, the firſt whereof will have warm Diſputes with the *African* Philoſopher, an the other will be of *Anti-Janſeniſt* Princi ples, concerning *Free Will*.

By *Mercury*, ſaid *Piſo*, turning over *Book* which he had taken from a Shelf o *the Congregation* of St. MAUR, theſe Au thors will treat of Things quite differen from Morality. I never ſaw ſo many Nu dities during the whole Courſe of my Life as within this Minute, that I have been

turning

turning over this Book. Is it not, ſaid *Samar*, called ANTIQUITY EXPLAINED, a Work compiled in *Latin* and *French*, adorned with Figures? Right, ſaid *Piſo*, 'tis pity the Figures are ſo ill drawn, otherwiſe 'twould be a Pleaſure to look them over. Come hither *Pomponius*, what do you think of this *Sacrifice* to *Priapus*? Then taking up ſometimes one Volume, ſometimes another, he ſaid, according to what he met with: Odsfiſh! *Grecina* was full as handſome as this *Venus*. Here is a *Sea-Triumph*, and the *Venus* of it has all the Features of *Meſſalina*: Ah! *Pomponius*, here is an *Adonis*, that is your very Picture. Theſe *Graces* muſt be cold, but Deities are impaſſible. What coarſe hideous Figures are here! Pox take the Blockhead of an Engraver, a Joyner would have made a good with his Chiſſel. Pray, Sir, tell me does this Book treat of *Faſts*, *Penances*, and *Mortifications*? The Author is too wiſe, reply'd *Samar*, to preach up what he has never practiſed. No, Sir, this Book treats only of the *Gods*, the *Wars*, *Structures*, *Burials*, and *Habits* of the *Ancients*, or rather 'tis a *Collection* of *Figures* taken from here, and there, and placed pretty near to the Order of the preſent Times. Don't aſk the Compiler for any Criticiſm or Explanation of the Figures. He can tell you no more than what lies before your Sight, un-

leſs he lights upon thoſe Pieces, which have been explained by ſome Man of Learning; them he will fully explain to you, by Copying with the utmoſt Exactneſs the Author, who has clear'd up ſuch unknown Myſteries to him: If now and then, at random, he puts one Name for another, it is more through Want of Judgement than Malice; this Defect likewiſe, makes him put his *Latin* too near his *French*, which diſcovers a great Number of Galliciſms. A few *Scraps* ſtolen from one or another, will ſet off his *Work*, but hurt his Style by ſhowing its *Faults*. To ſet up for Learning, he will openly avow as honourable the Principles of the moſt abandoned *Epicureans*. The infamous (*a*) *Petronius Arbiter*, who in his Life-time was Intendant of *Nero*'s Pleaſures, is be be his darling Author. The Hiſtories of *Quartilla* the *Epheſian*-Matron, and *Trimalchio*'s Feaſt, ſhall be the authentick Proofs of his Aſſertions. I am even ſurprized that he will omit to inſert in his *Book*, the Hiſtory of *Circe* and *Polienos*, and that of the *ſacred Geeſe*, tho' indeed he has glanced upon them. This

(*a*) A very correct Edition of *Titi Petronij Arbitri Satyricon*; Adorned with Cuts in a neat Pocket-Volume, has been lately Printed by *E. Curll* in the *Strand*. Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Work,

Work, at its first coming out, met with a kind Reception, and the Booksellers and the Editor got Money by it; but now, it is fallen so low, as to be despised by every body, because the World is convinced, that it is but a mean Performance. The Design was good, but the Compiler was not capable to put it in Execution.

CHAP. XIX.

A Catalogue *of some* BOOKS *in the* Library *of the* MOON.

WHILST *Samar* was running on in Praise of the Book, intituled, *Antiquity Explained*, and represented in Figures; *Celer* delivered to *Pomponius* a *Manuscript* which he found upon the Table, intituled, *A Catalogue of the Books in the Library of the Moon*; Volume the Five Hundredth, Article the Nineteenth: Books written by the *Society* of JESUS. *Pomponius* read over some of the Titles, and among others these:

The Life *of Monsieur* Colbert, *Archbishop of* Rouen, *by Father* Buffier. *At* Quimpercorentin.

The Panegyricks *of the Chancellors of* France, *by* Segault; *Dedicated to Monsieur* de Pontchartrain.

The Life *of the Cardinal* de Noailles, *Archbiſhop* Paris, *by* Richebourg.

Political, Eccleſiaſtical, *and* Jeſuitical *Problem* *by* Daniel. *Dedicated to the* Parliament.

A Treatiſe of the Rights *of* Parliaments, *by* Je venci; *with Notes, by* De Laiſne. *At* Rom 2 Vol. Folio.

Here is another *Catalogue* which was hand ed about *Paris* in 1721.

A Treatiſe on the Love *of the* Publick Good, *by* *Duke* D'Antin; *Dedicated to the Duke* de Noaille

Reflections *upon the* Lives *of the Fathers of the* Deſer *by the Archbiſhop of* Cambray; *Dedicated to the Car dinal* de Rohan.

A Treatiſe *of the* Neglect *of* Decorum, *by th* *Dutcheſs of* St. Aignan; *Dedicated to her Mo ther.*

An ancient Treatiſe on the Merit *of* good Authors Comedies *and* Opera's, *by the Dutcheſs* de Ge vres; *Dedicated to the Dutcheſs* de Villars.

A Treatiſe of the extreme Vexation of forced Indiſ renee, *by Madam* de Rupermonde; *Dedicated t the Counteſs* D'Evreux.

A Treatiſe of the Charms and Pleaſures of Inconſtancy *by Madam* D'Evreux; *Dedicated to Madam* de Maillebois.

A Treatiſe of the Reſpect *due to the* Princes *of th* Blood, *by the* Chevalier de Rohan; *Dedicated to Monſieur* de Richelieu.

The Life *of* Philip *Duke of* Orleans, *Regent of* France *till the Year* 1717, *by* Tellier. *At* la Fleche.

A Treatiſe on Intrigues, *by* Sanſſin, *reviſed by* Gallois. 2 Vol. Quarto.

The diſintereſted *Inſtructor of* Waiting-Women, *by* de la Rue. *At* Pontoiſe.

A Treatiſe on the Emulation *between* Profeſſors *of* Rhetorick, *by* Poree.

A Diſ-

A *Diſcourſe on* Humility, *by* Lucas; *with a Comment, by* D'Aubonne.

A *Treatiſe of the* Benefits *of* ſetting our ſelves *above* our Condition, *by keeping* high Company, *publiſhed by* Rouſſeau; *Dedicated to* Nointel.

A *Treatiſe on the* Companies *and* Societies *of* Ladies, *by* M. de la Tremouille; *Dedicated to* M. de Montbaſon.

A *Diſcourſe on the ſubtle* Coquetry *practiſed in the* Provinces, *by Madam* de Vrillac; *Dedicated to Madam* de Sabran.

A *Treatiſe upon* Truth, *by the Count* D'Uſez; *Dedicated to the* Duke D'Elbeuf.

A *Treatiſe of the* Pleaſures *of* Love, (*a*) *by the* Marquiſs *de Geſvres*; *Dedicated to the* Duke de St. Simon.

A *Treatiſe on the* Safety *of* Commerce, *by* M. de Coligny; *Dedicated to the Abbot* de Buſſy.

A *Treatiſe of* Adultery, *by the Cardinal* de Polignac; *Dedicated to the* Dutcheſs du Maine.

The Direction *of the* Intention, *for* indifferent Actions, *by* Martineau.

Of Abſtaining *from* Wine, *by* la Ferte.

Of *the* Education *of* Children, *by* Snadon.

Of learned Amuſements, *by* Tournemiſne.

Whilſt *Pomponius* was going on with this Catalogue, *Piſo* interrupted him, to read over another, (which *Egnatius* had given him,) of ſome *Books* written by the *Congregation* of St. *Maur*, i. e. the *Benedictine* Monks, *viz.*

(*a*) This alludes to a Book, intituled, ——*The* CASE *of* IMPOTENCY *debated*; In the Tryal between *the Marquiſs de* GESVRES *and his Lady at* PARIS. Tranſlated *by* J. OZELL. *Printed for* E. Curll *in the* Strand, *with other* Caſes *of* Impotency *and* Divorce; In 5 Pocket-Volumes. Price 12 *s.* 6 *d.*

A Trea-

A Treatise of the Importance *of* living *in a* Congregation, *to avoid* Episcopal Jurisdiction, *by* D' Yfard. *At* Andousias.

A methodical Treatise of Reason *and the Use of* Good Sense, *by* Sainte Marthe, *Author of a Rhapsody intituled, A Treatise of* Auricular Confession, *against the Pastor* D'Aille.

A Treatise on evil Words *and* impertinent Talking, *by the Count* de Charolois; *Dedicated to the Mother Princess of* Conti.

A Discourse upon Impotency, *by* M. Dansezune; *revised and amended by* M. de la Rochepot. [See the *Case* of the Marquis *de Gisyres, ut supra.*]

A Treatise on the Love *of* our Neighbour, *being a new Manner of concealing his Faults, by* Madam de Beaufremont; *Dedicated to* Madam de Chatillon. *At the Palace of* Conti.

A Treatise on Impertinence, *by the Duke* de Louvigny; *Dedicated to Madam* de Montbason.

Of the Duties *of* Friendship, Gratitude, *and* Fidelity, *by* Richard Bridet; *Dedicated to Monsieur* Rampnoux. *At* Lagny for Charles Monier.

Of the Usefulness *of* Monastick Pensions, *to keep up the* Spirit *of* Poverty, *by* Montfaucon; *Dedicated to the Family of* Estrees.

A Commentary *upon the Treatise of the* Usefulness *of* Monastick Pensions, *by* Martin Bouquet; *Dedicated to the President* Lambert.

A Treatise upon Merit, *by* Marcland; *revised by* Pisan; *inlarged by* Haudard; *published by* Ma Gloire Lor, *called* Rustan.

An Apology *for the* converted Brothers, *by* Thibauld; *Dedicated to Monsieur* Roger de Chateaufort.

A Treatise on Aretine's Postures, *by* la Fillon; *Dedicated to the Dutchess* de Luynes.

A Treatise on the Sweets *of* Cuckoldom, *by Madam* de Monasterolles; *Dedicated to Madam* de Nesle.

A Treatise on the Method of reconciling several Friends, *and inducing them to live* cordially together, *by Madam*

Madam de Maisons; *Dedicated to* M. de Montbason.

Treatise of the most subtle Kind of Harlotry, *by* la Fillon; *Dedicated to Madam* de Boyer.

Treatise of the Moderation *of our* Desires, *and of* perfect Continence, *by Madam* Desessars; *Dedicated to the Dutchess of* Bouillon.

of the Use, *which the Revenue of* Benefices *ought to be* applied to, *by* la Prade; *Dedicated to Monsieur* de Besons, *Archbishop of* Rouen.

Treatise of Stock-Jobbing *and its* Practice, *for the Use of the Officers of the Congregation of* St. Maur, *by* Bonnecase; *Dedicated to* Mr. Lawe.

The Life *of the Commander* D'Aligre; *with a Catalogue of those choice Books which makes up a Library, by* Brammeret.

Whilst this was Reading, *Priscus* had taken up *another Catalogue*, which he gave *Piso* to read. Among some, it mentioned these;

The Life *and Death of the Count* de Horn, *by the Secretary of the* India-Company.

The Adventures of Cardinal Alberoni, *by the Marquiss* de Grimaldo.

A Dispute on Nobility *and* Descent, *in familiar Discourses, by Madam* de Jonsac; *Dedicated to Mademoiselle* Haran.

Youth instructed *in the Manner of Entrance at* Castel's, *by the Duke* de la Tremouille; *Dedicated to his Highness the Prince of* Montbason. *The third Edition is in the Press.*

Reflections upon the Shame *and* Meanness *which an* unworthy Choice *brings upon one; with a little* Novel, *in* Manuscript, *agreeable to the* Subject, *by Madam* de Loria; *Dedicated to Madam* de Verrue.

A Trea-

A Treatise on the Duties of an honest Man, *by* [illegible] *Duke* Du Maine; *Dedicated to the first President*

The Picture of Love, *consider'd in the* Marriage State, *by Mademoiselle* de Duras; *Dedicated to Mademoiselle* de Choiseuil.

The perfect Negotiator. *A new Translation by* [illegible] *Duke* de la Force.

A Treatise on the Advantages of Commerce, *by the same Author.*

A General History of the Police *and its Progresses, by Monsieur* D'Argenson; *Dedicated to the Keeper of the Seals.*

The Life *of the Dutchess of* Berry, *by Monsieur* Massillon, *Bishop of* Clermont.

The Art *of learning* Parrots *to* Talk, *by the Dutchess of* Vantadour. *Sold by* la Villeford.

The History of the Mississipi, *by the Duke* de la Force *Dedicated to the Parliament.*

A Description of the Magdalen *of* Traisnel, *by* D'Argenson; *Dedicated to Mr.* Daguesau *Chancellor.*

The Retirement of the Countess D'Armagnac, *to the* Nuns *of* St. Mary, *by* Charles de Lorraine; *Dedicated to the Duke* de Noailles.

The Qualities *required in a* Bishop, *by* Du Bois *Archbishop of* Cambray; *Dedicated to the Bishop of* Nantes.

A Treatise on Cuckoldom, *and the* Advantages *of it, by* Marshal Villars.

Of the Qualities *required* in *a Box of the Ear to make it an* Affront, *by the Duke* D'Estrees; *Dedicated to* Prince Charles, *Master of the Horse.*

A System to reduce the rented Monks *to a* settled Pension, *in order that a Part of their unjust Incomes, may be apply'd to the Relief of decay'd Gentlemen who have ruined themselves in the* Army, *by* Vannier; *Dedicated to Cardinal* du Bois.

An Historical Dissertation *upon the* Riches *of the* India-Company, *and its flourishing Trade in All the four Parts of the World; with* an Account of the

Num-

Number of its Factories upon the *River* Miſſiſipi, *by M.* Crozat; *Dedicated to the Marſhal* D'Eſtrees.

Maſter Library-Keeper, ſaid *Piſo*, what the devil does all this mean? I am quite in the Dark. There are a great many *Hiſtories*, ſaid *Samar*, annexed to every Thing you have read. The Walls can hear. It is not proper to tell you in this Place, the *Meaning*; but ſome Day or other, we may have Occaſion to talk of it, and *then* I ſhall gratify your Curioſity with Pleaſure. And why not now? ſaid *Pomponius*. Do you ſee, ſaid *Samar*, that Company which is coming in yonder; if they were to hear us talking of theſe Matters, they would think we were *Caballing* againſt the *State*, becauſe they would not underſtand a *Word* of what we *ſaid*. It relates to the *Hiſtory* of *another World*, and *another Age*, in which you can have no Concern, ſo, pray let us defer it till another Time. Tell me this at leaſt, ſaid *Pomponius*; who are thoſe Gentlemen that I ſee yonder?

That Grandee, ſaid *Samar*, whom you ſee in the Middle of them, is our *Magiſtrate*. Our Dignities are elective, and *Merit* generally has a greater Share in them than *Favour*. He whom you ſee and who governs us at preſent, has been *High-Provoſt* this long Time, and he is every Way

Way qualified for it. He is a bold, dau
leſs, enterprizing Man, of a quick pe
trating Genius, proud, ambitious, haugh
parſimonious, honeſt, and a Lover of t
Fair-Sex, not that he meddles with them, b
the Sight of a pretty Women pleaſes hi
extremely. He has *four* very promiſi
Sons, whom he uſes the utmoſt of his Pow
to promote. He is frightful to look at, f
he is as black as an *Egyptian*. He cann
endure any one who has a Share of t
Adminiſtration with him. As far as
can foreſee, his Power will be brought to
Period, by his not keeping up a right Un
derſtanding with thoſe who govern in Co
miſſion with him. The *Authority* of th
Director of the *Finances* is *inſupportable*
him: But he ſhall *fall*. The *rich Man*
always in the *Right*. The *Magiſtrate* who
he *ſucceeded* was a Man of *inviolable Probi*
and at the Expiration of his Time, the be
Way of cauſing him to be *lamented*, w
to *ſubſtitute* this Man in his *Place*: Y
'tis *hoped* he may riſe again; but then t
alſo *feared* that if Fortune ſhould *favou*
him, he will *ſacrifice* the Reputation h
has acquired, to the *Support* of his own
Greatneſs. He has a large Family, ye
it ſo far from being *Rich*, that he is actu
ally in *Debt*. What is to be done? If
Man be not quite deſtitute of *natural Af*
fection, or has any *Love* for his *Children*,

he

he will *ſtick* to a *ſolid Good*, and *throw* away a *vain Reputation* which yields *no Profit*.

Thoſe, are the chief Officers of our Army, whom you ſee with the Magiſtrate. There are very few among them, that know what *true Generoſity* is. A Lady has lampoon'd the Eldeſt of them, in a Song for a *Ninny-Hammer*; the other is the *Kind-keeper* of a very *tender-hearted Wife*. *This*, is a brutal Sot, who will leave no Children behind him. *That*, ſince his Advancement to the firſt Rank, has done nothing. *This*, looks more like a Magiſtrate than a General; and t'other is a *Hotſpur*, who ſhoots with a *long Bow*, and entertains even the Ladies with nothing but Stories of *Blood* and *Fire*. There are ſome Candidates for the Army, who are Men of *Merit*, but very few, the moſt part of them, are young Fellows, whoſe only Recommendation is their *Nobility*. I knew one that is dead, who was *Grand-Maſter* of a *Military-Order*, yet in all his Life-time had never drawn his Sword, but only to Fence. Our *Ladies* are all Virtuous; they obſerve a ſtrict Politeneſs, and keep up the Beauty of their Sex with a great deal of Luſtre. Though their Behaviour is *very free*, they ſeldom grant a Favour, unleſs, the Perſon be handſome and well-ſhaped, or has a great deal of Wit, and is well born, or, what will do as well as all theſe,

unleſs he makes them coſtly Preſents. They are very diſcreet, and will not d any Thing againſt their Honour for Trifle.

CHAP. XX.

The Hiſtory of the Druid *of* MEDOC. *The Order of the Pavilion. A Character of the* PRINCE *of* Reloſan.

WHILST *Samar* was inlarging in praiſe of the Ladies, *Egnatius* amuſed himſelf with reading over the Titles of the Books: In the *Religious Claſs* he light upon three ſmall Volumes in duodecimo, bound after the *Janſeniſt*-Manner with this Title, *The Miracles of the* C. D. R. (*i. e.* the Cardinal *De Retz.*) He read ſome Pages in one of them, and was very much edified with the holy Life of this *Prelate*. He communicated his Diſcovery to *Piſo*, thinking it would be good Diverſion for him. *Piſo*, without taking the trouble to read it, aſked the Library-Keeper what it was. They were obliged to uſe ſome Intreaties to bring *Samar* to tell his Thoughts of it, but *Piſo* deſired it in the Name of the Company, with ſo good a Grace, that he

he could not diſpenſe without explaining himſelf, *viz.*

You muſt know, ſaid he, that in the Year of the World 7712, or 15, or thereabouts, there ſhall be in *Gaul* a *Druid* of conſummate Merit. Doubtleſs, you know that the *Druids* are the *Prieſts* of that Nation. There are ſome among theſe *Prieſts* higher in Dignity than others. He, whom I am ſpeaking of, ſhall be one of the PRINCES of the *Prieſts* in his Country. Theſe *Prieſts*, by their Inſtitution, ſhall be obliged to lead a chaſte, temperate, exemplary Life, free from Paſſion, and moreover to induce the People, to form themſelves after their Model. The *Druid* of *Medoc*, who is the Subject of theſe Books, ſhall be the beſt and moſt accompliſhed *Prince* of his Time. He ſhall add to the Advantage of a Royal Birth all the excellent Qualities which can form a great Man. His ſolid Judgement, and penetrating Vivacity, ſhall make him ſhine among the *Druids* of his Age. Though the *Gallick* Religion is to be exceedingly imbroiled, there ſhall be no Sect or Party in his Time, but by the Subtlety of his Genius, he can give an Air of Truth to the Opinions thereof, and though he may ſeem to change his Own, yet at the Bottom, he ſhall be always the ſame, that is, a deep learned Divine, glowing with Zeal for

the Converſion of Sinners. He ſhall carry Charity ſo far as to contract a Familiarity with all the Ladies of the Courts of two Kings and a Half-one, in order to convert them and bring them to the Practice of Virtue. Jealous Huſbands will ſupport his complaiſant ſweet natured Deportment. Yet, his Example, will preſerve his Monarch's Court from all the Evils which attend a Corruption of Manners. You may be ſure he will be expoſed to Detraction. No Man can be handſome, well-ſhaped, witty, well-born, rich and intimate with the Ladies, but the World will reflect upon him. His Virtue will ſtir up implacable Enemies againſt him. Some Court-Ladies, whoſe Offers, he'll ſlight, being ſtung to the Quick with this Affront, the moſt ſenſible which can be offered to a Woman, will bribe a Servant of his, to know the Names of all thoſe Ladies, for whoſe Converſion this *Pontiff* ſhall exert his Charity. This Villain of a Servant ſhall betray his Maſter's cloſeſt Secrets. Theſe provok'd Ladies will lay to the *Druid* of *Medoc*'s Charge, all the Debaucheries of his *Penitents*. They'll draw him in the blackeſt Colours, under the ironical Titles of *The Miracles of the* C. D. R. and brand him with all the Guilt of the moſt enormous Crimes. But the Virtue of this *Prelate* ſhall be proof againſt every Thing. He'll find

find out by his Emiſſaries who ſhot the Bolt. He'll convict, by clapping a Piſtol to his Head, his perfidious Servant of the Part he acted in this *Myſtery of Iniquity*, and by a Generoſity truly Royal, will give him both Life and Liberty, upon condition, that if he has the Boldneſs to go on with ſo deteſtable a Work, he ſhall mention in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, that the *Druid* of *Medoc*, having convicted him of his Crime, had that Greatneſs of Soul as to pardon him. I did not think, ſaid *Priſcus*, that ſo much Virtue, could be met with among Barbarians. This *Druid* will be worthy to be a *Roman*: He will be endowed with all the *Roman* Virtues. I think this is a very injurious Way of ſcandalizing People. What! affect to ſpeak well of a Man, only to defame him the more. To ſtile his Actions *Miracles*, at the ſame Time as they are drawing them in the moſt odious Colours, is not only unbecoming an honeſt Man, but argues a wrong Turn of Mind. The Orators have avoided this Fault. When *Demoſthenes* attack'd *Philip* King of *Macedon*, he did not make uſe of any Fetches to reproach his Vices to him, and every Body knows how vehemently *Cicero* launch'd out againſt *Anthony*.

Sir, reply'd *Samar*, the Title of this Book is a very keen Satire. The Age when

this Book is to be publiſhed, will *rather be productive of* ſincere Writers. Some Authors will be ſo bold as not to ſpare either the *Purple* or the *Scepter*; and will have the Misfortune to experience, that all *Princes* are not ſo virtuous as the *Druids*, nor ſo generous as his Highneſs of *Medoc* (a). Truth only is offenſive. As great as this Action of the *Druid* appears to you, yet it has nothing extraordinary in it, for by letting an Inſult of this Nature go unpuniſh'd, the Publick will be perſuaded of his Innocence, and his Enemies convicted of Calumny. Sir, ſaid *Celer*, I believe this *Druid* is to deſcend from you in a right Line; your Intereſts and his muſt be inſeparable, you take his Part ſo ſtrenuouſly. Sir, ſaid *Pomponius*, if you was to be Cotemporary with the *Druid*, and I was to hear you talk after this Manner, I ſhould ſuſpect that you juſtified the *Druid* of *Medoc*, only to curry Favour with the Ladies of his Party. You may think what you pleaſe of it, Gentlemen, replied *Samar*, but I declare to you, upon my Honour, that I undertake to vindicate him, meerly for the Sake of injured Truth: I have ſeen ſuch fine Elogiums of this Pontiff, in the Books of the preſent Age, wherein he is mentioned, that I am convinced the Prince d'*Argen-*

(a) *i. e.* The Cardinal *du Bois*.

tine

ine. will be the honeſteſt Man of his Time. t muſt be owned, ſaid *Piſo*, that he is hap- y in having you for an Advocate: You vell gueſs, whether the Reading of his *Miracles* would have given us ſuch an Idea, s you would have us entertain of him. For ny part, ſaid *Pomponius*, I ſhould have read he Book, and concluded that the *Saint* whom it celebrates, was the arranteſt Vil- ain, and the moſt abominable Man of his Times. It is dangerous to provoke a Man who has the knack of Writing, ſince by of- ending ſuch a Perſon, we hazard, at leaſt, what is moſt precious to our Selves, our Re- outation and Honour. The *Druid*, replied *Samar*, will take care of that, by laying out to good purpoſe ſome Part of his In- come, in buying all the Copies of this E- dition, that remain unſold, ſo that the *Book* will be as ſcarce in *Gaul*, as *Maidenheads*, of twenty Years old, are at *Rome*, if we may believe *Piſo*.

What is that ſtately Building, ſaid *Egna- tius*, which I perceive yonder upon the River-Side; on one Side it fronts it, and on the other, it looks upon a ſpacious Garden. It was formerly, replied *Samar*, the Reſi- dence of the *Kings* of the *Country*. This Building is kept up, becauſe of that large Pavilion you ſee in the Middle of it, to per- petuate the Memory of an Order, which was inſtituted there: *Megas* King of this

Nation

Nation, at his Death left an only Son, who was ſcarce ſixty three Moons of Age. He of his Empire. He was for a conſiderable Time under the Guardianſhip of the great Men of the Nation, who, for his Security, had in a Manner ſhut him up in this Pavilion, along with their Children. The young Prince, whoſe Genius increaſed with his Years, ſeeing himſelf thus miſerably inſlaved, by the Advice of the young Lords who were with him, inſtituted an Order of Knighthood, which he ſtiled, The *Order* of the *Pavilion*. This Stratagem of the Prince's was ſoon made known to the Great Men. They readily conjectured that he long'd to be at Liberty, which was granted; and after the Prince had obtained it, he created no more *Knights* of the *Pavilion*, unleſs when he was angry with any Nobleman, then he would ſay to him, I create Thee a *Knight* of the *Pavilion*, which was telling him civilly, to confine himſelf. Certainly, replied *Priſcus*, this Prince, who in his early Years gave ſuch noble Tokens of his Genius, muſt have proved a great Monarch. *Samar* replied, He found his Kingdom in a very flouriſhing State. His Uncle *Reloſan*, who took upon him the Adminiſtration of Affairs, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the Council and the Camp, by his Prudence, Capacity and Courage. He was eſteemed the moſt accompliſhed Nobleman, the greateſt Captain and

wiſeſt

iſeſt Counſeller of his Time. *Megas* to hom his Worth render'd him ſuſpected, nd who could not behold without Jealouſy, oſe Virtues ſhine in his Nephew, which thought his Son ought to be Maſter of, ad not thoſe Regards for him, which ere due to his Birth. 'Twas with regret, hat at his Death, he left his Son under his uardian-ſhip; yet ſo that by adding the hief Men of the Court as Colleagues with im in the Sovereign Authority, he tyed p his Hands, in a Manner, which had een an eternal Source of Feuds, had not heſe great Men, who were apprehenſive of he inevitable Calamities of a Civil War, ourteouſly given up to him what *Megas* ad deprived him of, and what belonged o him by Birth-right. He was no ſooner eclared Prince, but he began his Adminiration with rewarding Virtue, and puiſhing Vice. All thoſe, who in the Reign f *Megas*, had committed Abuſes in the Management of the Finances, were forc'd to p deliver to the Prince, all they had ſtolen rom the People: He honoured the Senate with his Protection, and gave them the moſt ſenſible Marks of his Favour, by inruſting one of their Members with the Secrets of Affairs, by employing him as Chief of his Council and Prime-Miniſter of the Empire. The Senate puffed up with their Proſperity, and doating upon their own

Power,

Power, flattered themſelves that the Time was now come, that they might interme-dle with Affairs of State, which, they ha for a long Time paſt, deſired, might b brought under their Cognizance. They re-warded their Benefactor with Ingratitud and by inſolent, daring Remonſtrance brought Diſgrace upon themſelves. Th Prince withdrew his Confidence from th Prime-Miniſter, and placed it in a Nobl bleman whom he thought more worthy o it. The Senators incenſed at an Affron which reflected upon them, ſhewed ſom Signs of Diſcontent. Some were puniſhed with Baniſhment to terrify others. The Enemies of the State who are always ready to lay hold of its Diſſentions, roſe up in Arms, in all Parts; but they had the Vex-ation to ſee their Country made a Seat o War, and their Towns and Lands become a Prey to the Enemy's Forces. Such great Motions could not be made without exorbi-tant Expences. To relieve this, the Prince gave for a Time the Price and Value of Money, to a Thing which is common e-nough. He paid off the Debts of the Na-tion, concluded a Peace with his Neigh-bours, leſſened the Taxes, humbled the re-bellious Senate, appeaſed the Differences which were ariſen betwixt the Philoſophers about Religion, and on every Occaſion manifeſted a lively, exalted, active, pene-

trating

ating and universal Genius. He defy'd angers without hazarding the State, he ept the People and the Princes within ue Respect, and made those who would have isputed the Government with him, feel his uthority, so that all the World agreed, at there had not reigned so active and igilant a Prince, since the Origine of the Monarchy. He despised the Senate to that egree as to recal them from their Exile, estore their Authority to them, and in-ruſt the Prime-Minister, not so much thro' ear, as to let the Senators know, that ince he could reign without them, he did ot imagine they would dare to attempt to eign with him. He loved his Children.— Mr. Library-Keeper, interrupted *Piso*, pray, ithout Offence, are not you a Panegyrist y Trade? Odsfish, you speak well of very Body, that were I to pitch upon an Author to write my Life, you should be the nly Man. I thought that pompous Elogium you made on the *Druid* of *Medoc*, had quite exhausted your Store of Praises; ut just now again, you have drawn as fine nd honourable a Picture of the Prince of *Reloſan*, as can be drawn of a Person of is Quality. Were not your Forefathers he better for him? You don't know me, eply'd *Samar*; I don't sell my Praises by he Weight of Gold: I can do Justice to Merit, but you must require nothing more

of

of me. If the Prince of *Reloſou* had been endowed with every one of thoſe Qualities, I ſhould not have attrib them to him.

There are People enow who ſpeak of Princes. Give, at leaſt, one Man le to ſpeak in their Behalf.

The END of the FIRST PART.

ERRATA.

PAge 27. lin. 8. *for*, profound, *read*, profan'd.
Pag 114. lin. 9. *for*, exacted, *read*, enacted.
Pag. 132. lin. 29. *for*, it, *read*, is.

N. B. A *Complete-Key* to this *Work* will be p liſh'd with the *Second Part*, which is now in Preſs.

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